

CN CALLING

Keep your tents
separate and
bring your hearts
together.

Arab Proverb

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE OLD MAN'S
HOUR OF
TRIUMPH

See page 2

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TWO DRAMAS WITH 40 YEARS BETWEEN Captains Courageous

A TALE OF THE SEA FROM NEWFOUNDLAND

A STIRRING tale of the sea comes from Newfoundland, where sailors are no strangers to peril and adventure.

Forty years ago Captain Barbour and his crew were sealing some hundreds of miles up the coast on the floes, when some of the men returning to the ship at night reported another vessel in distress.

This other ship was not a sealer, and the men thought she was sinking; so Captain Barbour set out to find her, and, after butting and pushing through the floes for many hours, came next day to where the derelict should have been. There was not a sign of her. But the man on the crow's-nest (just such a one as may be seen any day on the topmast of the Boy Scouts' Discovery in the Thames) said there seemed to be a crowd of men huddled on the ice.

Captain Barbour rammed his ship harder through the ice barrier of floes, and just before night closed down again he came on the marooned crew of the ship his sealers had spied. The ship had gone, crushed and sent to the bottom, but its skipper and 27 of its crew had scrambled on to the ice before it sank. Barbour took them aboard and landed them safely at St John's, Newfoundland.

That was forty years ago, and it is the first half of the story. Here is the second half, a tale of today.

Captain Ken Barbour, a son of the old sealing skipper, commands a motor-

ship, National Four. After leaving Fishing Ship Harbour, Labrador, to return to St John's, the tail shaft of his ship broke while he was off Battle Island, and jammed the rudder. His craft drifted helplessly towards the shore, and seemed doomed. But Ken Barbour was not the man to give up without a struggle. He managed to rig up a head-sail and worked his way into the Strait of Belle Isle, hoping to get help from some passing ship.

Seven days they struggled along, seeing seven ships, not one of which saw their signals of distress. The eighth ship did. It came up to National Four and took off Ken Barbour and his crew.

This rescue ship was in a hurry, but its captain knew what the loss of Barbour's ship would mean to him, so, rather than abandon it and leave it to sink, he decided to change course and tow the helpless motor-ship to the port of Saint Anthony.

Captain Barbour thanked his rescuer doubly when he heard his decision, and then he asked his rescuer's name. Mitchell, was the reply.

"Mitchell?" cried Barbour. "Why, in my home I have a photograph of Captain Mitchell of Bristol. It was given to my father, who rescued Captain Mitchell from the ice forty years ago."

"That was my father," said the second Captain Mitchell to the second Captain Barbour; "I have often heard him speak of yours."

THE VILLAGE LACEMAKERS

An Old English Way at Work in India

OVER a hundred years ago in many parts of India there were slave girls in domestic service.

Their life was hard and many women missionaries were perplexed about the problem. One missionary happened to come from Buckinghamshire, and she remembered that in the villages of her county the girls were often taught to make lace by hand. She began with a few of the slave girls, and soon discovered that their quick hands learned the most intricate lace patterns, which found a ready sale in India and in England. Some of them soon earned enough money to buy their freedom.

In this way a village industry of lace-making sprang up in Travancore, especially round the town of Nagercoil, where the women missionaries of the London Missionary Society now help to direct it. One of them has been

in this country recently telling the romantic story of this village craft. Over six hundred women in fifty-six villages round Nagercoil are lacemakers. They sit mainly outside their cottage doors with the lace bobbins spread over their laps and their dark hands gently drawing through the threads. The woman missionary visits two of the circles each month to examine the pattern and start new women on experimental pieces.

Patterns are the great difficulty, as many of the women are so slow in learning new patterns that they do not keep up with changing fashions. At one time the industry had an enormous sale for yard-lace both in England and America, then lace went out of fashion and many of the women were thrown out of work. The missionaries then trained them to produce individual pieces of lace and work beautiful

The Cock of the North



This picture by George Sanders is one of the most striking pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art which opens this week at Burlington House

insertions on all kinds of articles, and now they are busy again.

The lace-making helps scores of village homes through bad times. When the crops are bad and starvation is threatened the money the women earn from their hand-work helps to keep the homes going. Every Thursday the women come into Nagercoil with their completed pieces, many of them walking over ten miles. The pieces of lace are examined and paid for at once and new patterns are given out, and then the women come together for a big meeting with the missionary and later go to market.

Mr Gandhi has been very interested in this village industry, and at his suggestion some of the women have

been making lace with the hand-spun yarn of India called "khaddar" thread. It is much coarser than the English cotton thread and breaks more easily, but there are in India many people who wear clothes made only of khaddar thread, so they are beginning to buy the lace patterns the village women make; and as this thread is thicker many of the older women in the villages can handle it more easily than the fine thread.

As there is no unemployment relief in India, this village industry has been a real help to hundreds of villagers, and it is good to know that many people in England and America, as well as in India, buy these beautiful lace patterns.

ALL THE AMERICAS AS ONE

The Powerful Voice of the Western World

The 21 nations on the American continent ended the year by issuing a unanimous manifesto which is to be remembered as the Declaration of Lima.

It makes clear the resolve of the American republics, representing the 21 countries with a population of about 260 millions, to resist any interference from outside by any Power likely to threaten their unity and freedom.

It is based upon the identity of principles which creates their spiritual unity, and defines these principles as "the desire for peace, respect for international law, equality of sovereignty, and respect for individual liberty without prejudice of race or religion." It further proclaims their intention, "if the peace or security or territorial integrity of one of the American Republics is threatened" to make their solidarity effective by the coordination of their sovereign wills, by consultation, and, finally, by the adoption of measures advisable in the circumstances—each Government acting independently as a sovereign State.

It may be said that the entire Americas have never been so solidly united as a single force against any enemy threatening them.

KAREL CAPEK

One More Sorrow For the Czechs

All Europe has lost something of its enrichment by the passing of Karel Capek, the best known of all Czech writers.

He died at Prague last week, young at only 48, and at the height of his powers as a thinking playwright. He wrote the play which gave the English language the new word Robot for mechanical things that act like humans. He wrote the famous Insect Play produced in London last year by Miss Nancy Price. He wrote many novels and a book of letters describing English life which must live with those of Professor Santayana as among the best summings-up of the English people by foreigners.

Karel Capek had only been married three years and leaves a widow. When he knew he was dying this warm-hearted man, liberal in politics and more than liberal in sympathy, begged that his friends would not spend their money on flowers for him but would give it instead to the refugees.

He brought high honour to his nation, and leaves it in a sad hour of its history; but he has enriched it by his genius and his sterling integrity.

Giant Pandas Come to Town

The Zoo has acquired for the first time three giant pandas, five having been brought from China to this country.

With its black ears and black rings round its eyes standing out against its white woolly head this animal has a striking appearance. The native home of the giant panda is the jungles of bamboo and rhododendrons in the highlands of Szechwan, where with its strong jaws it crunches the bamboos for food. About the size of a small bear, the giant panda is adaptable and docile in captivity.

A Frock of Pure Gold

Frocks made of pure gold cloth, which costs no more than good quality silk, are now dazzling the eye.

This amazing fabric is a gold-plated silk, the silk being used as a base and covered with a solution of an organic compound containing gold. This compound is chemically decomposed, leaving behind a coating of pure gold.

An Old Man Sleeps in His Hour of Triumph

SAD DAY IN THE GREEN VALLEY

THERE were sorrowful days last week for the monks of the Green Valley, the builders of Buckfast Abbey who have just taken down their scaffolding.

We remember the day, only a few months ago, when Abbot Vonier, who began the rebuilding of the abbey, stood looking up at the great tower finished at last, waiting only for the scaffolding to be taken down to reveal the full beauty of this noble shrine. His heart must have thrilled with gratitude that it had been allowed him to live to see this day of his triumph. The tower was cleared of its encumbrances, and the other day Buckfast Abbey stood out complete, the glory of the countryside and one of the chief wonders of Devon.

Then, having spent a peaceful Christmas Day, Abbot Vonier fell asleep, his work well done, and they have laid him to rest in his own abbey. If you seek his monument, look around.

Buckfast fell into ruin ages since, and 50 years ago a band of Benedictine monks heard of this derelict abbey and arrived with a few blankets and a great resolve. They bought the house and set to work to rebuild the abbey, and the story of what they did is told in Arthur Mee's new Book of Devon, 18th volume of the King's England. We take the following from it.

THEY chose as the first Abbot of Buckfast their beloved Boniface Natter, who lies now under this green turf with a crucifix marking his grave. By the time he was elected abbot the little community had already built a temporary church, restored the old Abbot's Tower, and opened a school; but the abbot had ruled only four years when he was appointed Abbot Visitor of the French Province as well. This field covered the New World as well as Europe, and he sailed for the Argentine on the Sirio in August 1906. He never came back to the scene of this great dream.

On the very first day the ship struck a rock off the Spanish coast, and many people were washed overboard, including the young Abbot Natter. It happened that on the same ship was Father Anscar Vonier, also from Buck-

fast, who was saved when the survivors were taken off. He returned to Buckfast profoundly moved by the thought of the calm faith of his abbot among the panic-stricken passengers on the vessel, and they chose him to succeed Abbot Natter. We saw him looking up at the great tower; in building this place he has grown from the youngest abbot in the Order to the oldest.

Abbot Vonier, with a sovereign in his pocket, an old horse and cart, and a monk who knew how to use a chisel, a hammer, and a trowel, set to work to rebuild the abbey. Stone was plentiful in a quarry near by, and a lady promised the first hundred loads. Somebody gave a horse. A neighbour said any of the Brothers could dig in his sand pit. Some friends of the abbey promised of their small means, and about £70 a year was guaranteed. Brother Peter, the mason, said he could teach another to build. A monk was sent to Exeter to learn stone carving.

On the 15th of November in 1906 the first load of stones was carted by a monk through the abbey gates and placed at Brother Peter's service; in the summer of 1922 the church was two-thirds finished and opened. There had never been more than six men working on it. No public appeal was ever made, but the abbot's pound had grown to over £20,000. Faith like a grain of mustard seen was covering the green valley.

In this remote corner of England we were reminded that ten centuries ago the monks were the builders of Europe, as well as the schoolmasters and the priests. Company after company went out to find a lodge in the wilderness where, in solitude and beauty, the soul could learn of the things that belong to peace. The six monks have been teaching us this afresh. Never have they given up hope or work. Not once did they stop, even in the dark days of the war.

The dream that seemed impossible is real at last. It is not given to everyone to see his vision fulfilled, but to the monks of Buckfast the miracle has happened.

*They dwell in the city that they have
built,
The city of God, from evil shielded.*

Nature Holds Up the World

THOSE who have lived through fifty winters can remember only one or two years that have ended as 1938 ended, with thousands of towns and villages all over Europe in the grip of frost and snow.

It was as if Nature were holding up the world to say to us all, *Be still, and know that I am God.*

Everywhere roads were impassable, traffic was stilled, and for a multitude of people in England sledges and toboggans were the only comfortable vehicles. We remember seeing three ladies on a Kent hilltop taking their Christmas gifts to post on a toboggan; and so it must have been in many places. Cars were snowbound in the garage, or often on the roads; in one place 400 were held up at one time. The London Transport Board lost over £100,000.

The snow drifted in Yorkshire till it brought the roads level with the tops of the hedges, and in parts of Kent it reached the telegraph wires. Hundreds of thousands of men were thrown out of work in the building trades. The water supply was stopped at a camp of 1600 Jewish refugees near Lowestoft. All the electric clocks at Euston stopped for half an hour, and Big Ben was muffled by the hardening of the rubber buffers in the striking mechanism. Many people died from the cold.

Nothing could rival the enchantment of the white world from our hilltops over the holidays; England was like a veritable Switzerland, wrapped in stillness and beauty; but the disorganisation of traffic brought an intolerable chaos into life, and never was a thaw so welcome as that which set in on Boxing Day.

One thing must have been welcome to all. This breathing time, this week of stillness everywhere, was an immense relief from the strain and worry of affairs in Europe, and it was good to live a few days with no bickering, no snarling, no insults flying about between the nations.

Seeing England By Train

Circular tours by railway are not yet sufficiently well known.

The tour tickets give passengers the right of travel along a line of route which may be as diverse as desired. Passengers travel by rail (road or steamer trips being included where possible), stopping a day or longer at places of interest.

If none of the many itineraries published by the railways meet particular requirements passengers can arrange their own tours, when a quotation will be given through any railway station. The tickets are available for three months.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Packs of wolves have kept people away from church in Sweden.

The splendid façade and other parts of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris have been destroyed by fire. Fortunately the Dome under which Napoleon lies escaped.

During the parliamentary recess the Government is to examine the agricultural situation with a view to checking the decline in that important industry.

Italy has denounced the Agreement made with France in January 1935, under which France gave Italy 43,000 square miles on the Libyan frontier and on that of Eritrea.

Norwegian whalers recently found in the body of a captured whale a harpoon which, judged by its make, must have been there for more than 40 years.

Whale meat is now on every menu in Japan; it is being eaten as an economical substitute.

A big hotel is to be built at Darwin, which, since the opening of airlines to England and the East, has become Australia's front door instead of her back door.

Moscow has a control station operating 1000 automatic street lights.

THINGS SEEN

Plates of food in the tomb of an Egyptian noble nearly 5000 years old.

A shark weighing half a ton brought to shore at Cannes.

A snowbound celebration of the diamond wedding of a couple married in a snowstorm 60 years ago.

A lost bankbook returned to the Post Office after 41 years.

A flock of two thousand starlings settling on the masts and funnels of a ship entering the Thames.

Two hundred yards of frozen spray on the beach at Seasalter, Kent.

THINGS SAID

I see in the indignation growing throughout the world a consciousness that these things are intolerable.

Bishop of London

How lovely it is here; how quiet; no sound of tramping soldiers.

A German boy visiting Kent

It will be awkward if they can only talk Refugee.

Ann Elizabeth on hearing that Daddie was adopting two refugees

I am not satisfied with the condition of lifts in non-factory buildings in London.

Chairman of LCC Building Committee

This will probably be the last time that men will not be compensated for lost time through weather.

Secretary, Federation of Building Operatives

I never walk out of the Savoy without noticing the plaques in the courtyard and thinking of those famous names in English—and therefore in early American—history who have lived on this site.

An American visitor in London

THE BROADCASTER

THE American and British Governments are giving financial aid to China.

MANY schools have made collections for Lord Baldwin's Refugee Fund.

FOR the next six months the American Red Cross is to distribute 100,000 barrels of flour a month in Spain.

CATALOGUES for the British Industries Fair indexed in nine languages have been sent to 75 countries.

MORE Bibles have been sold in Republican Spain in the last few months than ever before.

January 7, 1939

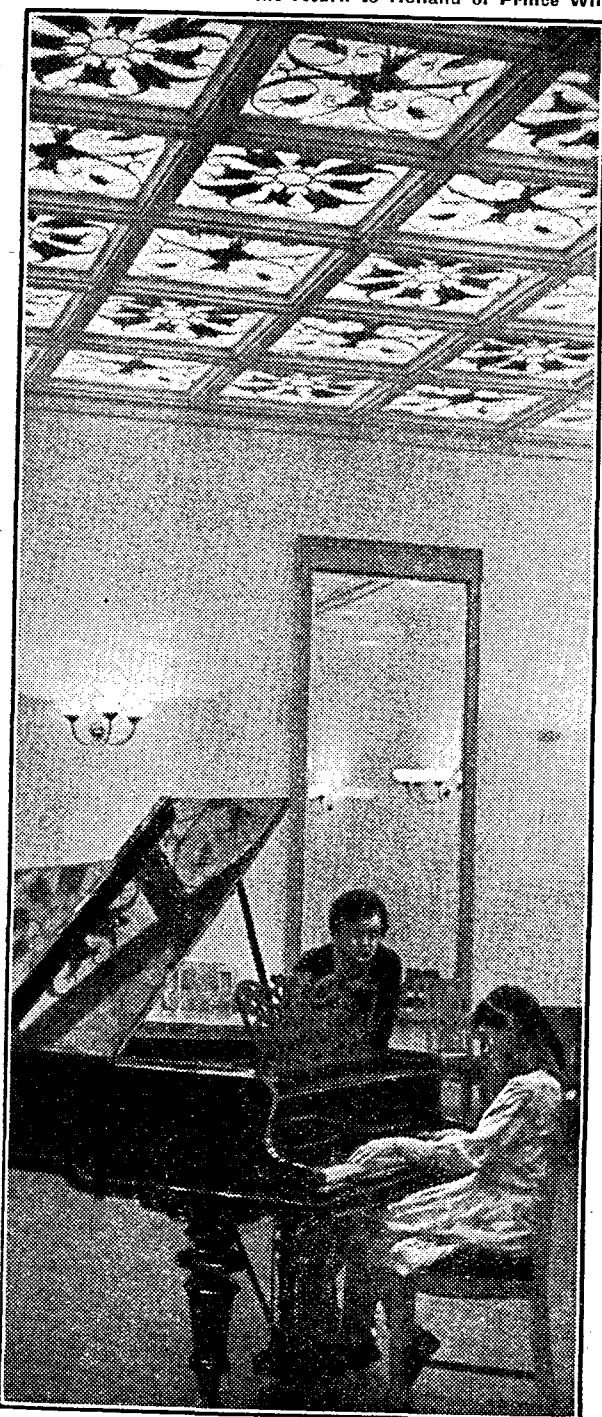
The Children's Newspaper

3

Pageant of Dutch History • Sea Scouts and the Breeches Buoy



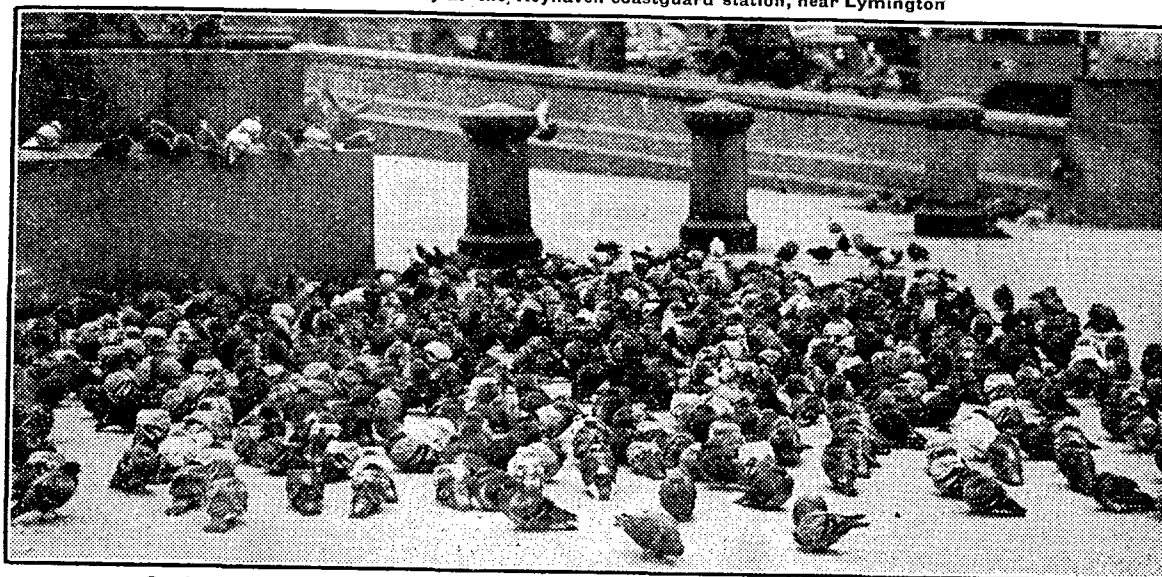
Holland Looks Back—Holland has been celebrating the 125th year of her independence. Here is a tableau presented at Scheveningen showing the return to Holland of Prince William of Orange on November 30, 1613. In 1615 he became King William the First of the Netherlands



The Young Musicians—A study of two young musicians in a Moscow club where girls and boys may study the arts



The Breeches Buoy—Hampshire Sea Scouts undergoing training in the use of the breeches buoy at the Keyhaven coastguard station, near Lymington



Out in the Cold—This picture of Trafalgar Square pigeons huddled together one morning when a cold east wind was blowing suggests that birds feel the cold in spite of their coat of feathers

£475,000,000

Last Year's Exports

We shall soon know how much overseas trade Britain did last year.

We can estimate in advance that the exports of British production were worth roundly £475,000,000, about £46,000,000 less than in 1937. That is a serious fall, but it is £34,000,000 better than in 1936.

British exporters enjoy the special advantages of having a great colonial market. The Dominions and Colonies take about half our exports. Foreign markets are not so favourable.

Many people, including the Government, take a serious view of the post-war loss of foreign markets, and the Government is taking special steps to help exporters. Gone are the days when British traders despised State assistance; they are now asking for it increasingly.

Foreign Competition Increasing

Foreign competition has been a subject of debate for long years, but it does now appear that it is more serious than ever before. Some Governments apply themselves to trade agreements on an unparalleled scale, as in buying up an entire crop and paying for it in money which can only be spent in the buying country.

Our Government has for some time guaranteed British exporters against loss in making certain export contracts, thus encouraging them to do business, and Parliament has now agreed to increase the total of such guarantees to £75,000,000.

We see by all this how different things are now from the old days when British goods commanded a ready market. The world market is smaller and competition keener.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR IN THE POST OFFICE

More Wages For Its Workers

The step of the postman has been lighter these dark mornings of the New Year, while the busy rush for licences and other seasonal work over the post office counter has gone with a real swing and the voice over the telephone has been even more cheerful than usual. The New Year has opened happily for 149,000 who serve the State under the Postmaster-General, for their wages have been increased.

After a careful investigation the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal has issued awards which will cost about £1,000,000 more a year and made the extra payments retrospective to October 1, 1938, so that in addition to receiving more wages each week the workers received a welcome sum of money.

Boy messengers and girl probationers share in the increased rates, and so do the cleaners and porters. Counter clerks, sorters, telegraphists, telephone operators, postmen, and postwomen are now receiving from 1s to 6s 6d more a week, according to their age, the district in which they work, and the kind of work they do.

Everybody who uses the services of the post office, and we all do in one way or another more and more, will share in the happiness which these new wage-scales will give, for no branch of the Civil Service comes into closer contact with us throughout life.

500 Million Herrings

We have already recorded the sad news that 1938 was a bad year for the herring fishery; yet it seems that the British people consumed 500,000,000 herrings. As there are 46,000,000 of us, that means eleven herrings for each man, woman, and child in the land, which does not seem many. We have only to eat 22 herrings a head in this New Year to bring prosperity to the herring folk.

Alice Comes to Town Again



Rowena Sanders, the 14-year-old Alice of Miss Nancy Price's production of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, reading the story to her friends. The play is being given at the Playhouse Theatre in London

Corsica Might Have Been Ours NAPOLEON'S BIRTHPLACE IN THE NEWS

CORSICA is in the news. How many of us realise that it might have been British?

The island has belonged to the Phoenicians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Goths, and the Saracens, and finally, when Italy was made up in the main of city republics, many of them with overseas colonies, Corsica fell to Genoa, and repeated wars were waged with Pisa for its possession.

While still nominally Genoese, Corsica set up as an independent sovereignty with a genial German adventurer (Baron Theodore von Neuhof) as king. Though he was brave and generous, he was soon driven out, and came, as all refugees did, to England, where he was received as a dethroned king, but was imprisoned for debt and died a refugee, "the last king of Corsica," to sleep in the churchyard of St Anne's, Soho. There he was eventually joined by his son, the uncrowned King of Corsica, who, after a romantic career of scholarship and diplomacy, perished by his own hand in the porch of Westminster Abbey.

The Corsicans never took kindly to Italian rule, and it was because the Genoese could not hold their turbulent colony that, when the whole island rose against them, with the great patriot Pasquale de Paoli at its head, they handed over their troublesome possession to France, nearly two centuries ago. For a year the valiant Paoli held out

against the French, but he had eventually to flee, and, following Theodore to England, he made his home here, the delightful companion of Boswell and Dr Johnson and other choice spirits of the age. With the coming of the French Revolution Paoli returned to Corsica, and, being made governor by his compatriots, he sought to make the island a British possession. That proved to be impossible, and, beaten by the French, he returned to England, dying here two years after Trafalgar had made the way safe for English ships to his island, had we desired to take it.

It was Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon, that stirred in him the first instincts of patriotism. He grew up a fervid patriot, intent on securing the release of his native land from foreign rule; but as he developed he became entirely French and loathed the idea that Corsica should be thought of as anything but part of France.

"I am not a Corsican," he now said. "I was brought up in France. I am a Frenchman, and so are my brothers. I was born in 1769, when Corsica had been united in the kingdom of France. One day at Lyons the mayor, thinking to pay me a compliment, said it was surprising that though I was not a Frenchman I loved France so well and had done so much for her. I felt as if I had been struck a blow; I turned my back on him."

Comfy Corner

It did not take two sparrows long, on discovering a hole in one of the street lights in Johnson City, New York State, to see that here was a cosy little corner in which to spend the winter. They got to work and built a nest inside, and now they are revelling in their warm and well-lit modern home.

Dear Me, Deer

Dear me! said a policeman the other day on a Regina golf course, when he was hurled to the ground by something that seemed to come from nowhere—a deer! The animal had as big a fright as its victim, and bounded away down the fairway as quick as lightning, leaving a very surprised policeman staring after it.

PEACE FOR 1939

Why We Must Keep It

The end of the old year found this country with 13,600,000 people, from 16 to 64, insured against unemployment.

Of these about 1,700,000 were out of work on the day count. These are great figures; the number of insured is at the highest known, the number of unemployed much too big.

In 1931, the very bad year that followed and was caused by the great American financial collapse, the number of insured was 12,500,000 and the number of unemployed 2,630,000. So things have improved, and we may dare to hope that further improvement will be recorded—if peace can be kept.

But if war comes the consequences, whatever the issue of the war, will be appalling. Even now we still suffer from the Great War which was supposed to end in 1918. Another such struggle would have a sequel in a world to be remade, in what fashion we know not. It would be a plunge into the shadows.

Let us, then, think peacefully in 1939, and examine every proposal, every difference, with the greatest care before deciding that it is a possible cause of war.

Bringing the River Nene to Life

The cathedral city of Peterborough has been recalling its great days as a port, and would like to be a port once more.

Standing on the River Nene 40 miles from the sea, Peterborough once received big vessels from the Continent. During the Napoleon wars shiploads of French prisoners were carried to internment camps along the river. Traces of the old port still remain, notably the old Customs House, with the turret from which a revolving light once guided vessels through the danger of the Fens.

An experiment not long ago in sending a motor-vessel from Hull with 170 tons of cargo up the Nene was successful in proving that the river is still navigable, and business men, realising the possibilities of river trade, are asking the Government to restore the Customs privileges. Peterborough could then find an outlet to the Continent for its bricks, agricultural produce, and engineering plant.

Already preparations are being made, and £800,000 has been spent on improving the river. Locks are being reconstructed, banks strengthened by concrete piling, and the river is being dredged to enable vessels of 250 tons to reach the city. From there barges will take cargo to Northampton and link up with the Grand Union Canal.

A Wonderful Anaesthetic

In recent years there have been many improvements in the anaesthetics used for operations and in the methods of giving them to the patient. While it is true that all are safe, the latest anaesthetics have the advantage of being much more pleasant to inhale, while their effects quickly pass off, to the great comfort of the patient.

A new anaesthetic called cyclo-propaine is becoming popular with our doctors, partly because its after effects speedily pass off when the operation is over, partly because its gas diffuses readily and as much as 95 per cent of oxygen can be given with it. It also has no irritating action on the lungs and air passages. Indeed, the sleep which cyclo-propaine induces is as natural as Nature herself provides for the weary, so wonderful is this new discovery.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Auriga	Aw-ry-gah
Magdala	Mahg-dal-ah
Sequoia	Se-kwoy-ah
Waikato	Wah-e-kah-toe

THE GOOD TURN

The Queen's Boy Scouts in New York were on the warpath for four Saturdays running not long ago.

Five hundred strong, armed with mysterious paper badges, they lay in wait at garages and parking places and pounced on motorists. It was part of a great road safety campaign, and the boys asked all drivers to promise to set a good example by showing courtesy on the road and obeying all safety rules for at least a month. Having promised this, the driver was asked to put it in writing, signing a statement printed on the back of a paper badge, which was then stuck on the windscreen where the driver could keep his eye on it.

THE SILVER DRAGON

A glittering aluminium dragon is speeding through an admiring Germany. It is a new kind of railway car called the Silver Dragon because of its shape.

The train rests on four mobile undercarriages, is 210 feet long, and weighs 125 tons; it has two 600 horse-power Diesel engines and can reach a speed of 122 m.p.h. There are luxurious seats for 100 passengers.

LOW WAGES DOWN EAST

The complaint is an old one that a good deal of sweating (very low wages) occurs in the East London furniture trade.

The making of cheap furniture for the hire system no doubt encourages the underpaid branch of the industry, as we may suppose from the specimens we frequently see. Not only are the wages low, but the material is poor.

It is said that there are 60,000 furniture makers in London, so big has the trade become. Of the 60,000 not more than one in six is receiving trade union rate of pay.

THE FROGMOUTH FAMILY

All the inmates of Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney are not there under compulsion. The Frogmouth family are voluntary boarders.

The Australian trees that add so much beauty to the park have attracted much native bird life, and every year for the past 20 years a pair of tawny frogmouths have been coming to build their nest in the same tree. Mr and Mrs Frogmouth arrive at the end of January. In September the eggs are laid, and in October, as soon as the young birds can fly, the little family vanishes. At the end of three months the father and mother birds come back *without their offspring*, and the whole procedure starts all over again.

NEW YEAR AND THE CAMPERS

It is not too soon in the New Year to arrange holiday camping and rambling.

The railways offer many facilities. Some 400 camping coaches are being prepared at the railway workshops, to be used as holiday homes on wheels, and will be available from early April at selected coast and inland localities. Full equipment for camping, including cutlery, crockery, linen, kitchen utensils, lamps, and bedding, are supplied at from £2 10s to £5 a week for small parties.

Then there are the ramblers, ever growing in numbers. Special trains are run for them and they may obtain cheap day, week-end, and period tickets to one place available for return from another. Rambling parties of not less than eight can also obtain cheap tickets, and there are special rates for Rovers, Rangers, Ranger Cadets, Church Lads Brigades, and Scouts when travelling to camps. Sports teams are also specially catered for, and special trains can be booked by large parties.

A TON OF APPLES

In an orchard near Darkan, in Western Australia, is a giant apple tree from which over a ton of apples are picked every year! The tree has just had its 20th birthday. Its branches have soared to a great height.

The Walking Drum

DESTINED to become the playfellow of Moina, the great female gorilla at the Zoo, Meng, the baby gorilla which arrived a few months ago, has already developed sufficiently to practise a trick peculiar to gorillas.

When excited he beats his chest with his fists. At first he used only his right fist, now he drums away with both. The presumption is that when excited in the wilds the gorilla is in a state of fear and beats his mighty chest with a view to frightening off the imaginary enemy.

A C.N. correspondent who once spent some time with a former Zoo gorilla, aged five, found it beating its chest as soon as it emerged from its den.

THE RHYMING CYCLIST

Cycling in these days is neither as easy nor as safe as it used to be, and this thought must have been at the back of a cyclist's mind when he sent a donation of a pound to the Rutson Hospital at Northallerton in Yorkshire. With his gift was this little verse:

*A cyclist in this latitude
With skull and limb unbroken
Should surely feel some gratitude:
So mine herewith, a token.*

THE SPECTATORS' GALLERY

Nothing is more fascinating than to watch workmen excavating the ground where a mighty skyscraper will soon rear its head.

The other day Mr Rockefeller took a walk in New York to see how the excavation work for a new building in Rockefeller Centre was getting on. He joined the usual small crowd, but very soon along came a foreman who told them all to move on. This annoying interruption gave Mr Rockefeller an idea.

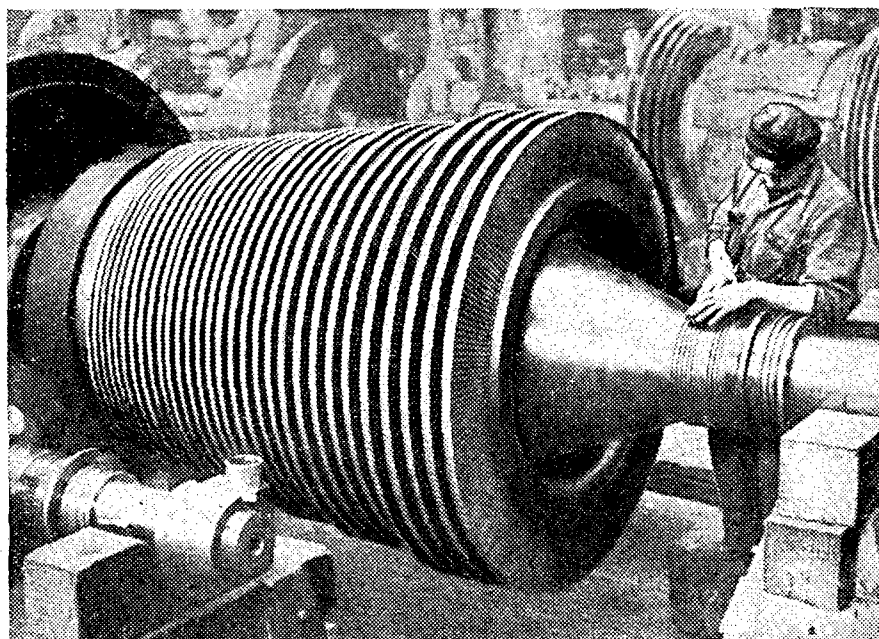
The next morning the little audience gazing at the excavation work noticed a gallery for spectators being erected!

A CUP OF TEA IN 2039

Tea intended to be used in 100 years has already been gathered.

On January 10 experts will take a packet of this tea, wrap it in vegetable parchment, aluminium foil, and an outer covering of lead, and put a notice on the outside of the parcel telling all who read that the packet is not to be opened till January 10, 2039.

This is part of the celebrations being organised by the Empire Tea Market Expansion Bureau. They are looking ahead 100 years, just as they are looking back 100 years to the time when tea was first grown within the British Empire. In what kind of a world will this packet of tea be opened?



FOR THE NEW MAURETANIA Polishing a rotor of the starboard engine for the liner under construction at Birkenhead

THE GOLDEN DEED

Lieutenant Hans Christensen has had his name inscribed in Germany's Golden Book of Fliers.

He was the observer in an aeroplane which was flying very low when a wild duck came crashing into the windscreen, broke the glass, and knocked the pilot unconscious. Though Lieutenant Christensen had done very little flying, he seized the controls and managed to bring the machine safely to the ground.

FROM PRISON TO GARDEN

We have long known Little Tommy Tucker who sang for his supper, but it is something new to find a convict singing for employment.

The truth is he did not sing in order to secure a post, but because he sang he has been offered one as gardener on an estate. The prisoner was in Goulburn Gaol, near Sydney, and during a recent broadcast, the first of its kind in Australia, a number of convicts played and sang. One had such a fine voice that a rich woman who heard it wrote to the prison authorities to say that if the man cared to become her gardener he might do so when he came out of prison.

THE BRIGHT RED FLAME

The vast areas in north-west Ontario which have been devastated by fierce fires are now covered with a bright red flame; but it is a harmless flame this time, for it is fire-weed.

All over the Northern Hemisphere these red flowers are the first sign of life to return to the blackened empty spaces.

GO TO SEE THE OLDEST LONDONER

Before the Christmas holidays are over London children should take the opportunity of seeing the skull of the oldest known Londoner, which has just been put on exhibition at the Natural History Museum.

The skull, which has been described in the C.N., must have been washed down the Thames, and was found in a gravel pit at Swanscombe in Kent by Mr Alvan Marston, a Clapham dentist. He considers that a quarter of a million years ago the owner of the skull lived farther up the banks of a Thames flowing from North Wales to the sea through Hertfordshire. The climate was that of a warm period between the Ice Ages, with forests inhabited by elephants, rhinoceros, monkeys, and deer. The tribes hunted their game with roughly-shaped stones, probably capturing the larger animals by pointed boulders suspended over pits. The Swanscombe man was not quite upright in his gait, but he was well on the way to becoming a man as we know him.

FRANCE TO BUY OUR COAL

Miners, so many of whom are out of work in this cold weather, will rejoice in the news that France has again promised to buy more of our coal.

South Wales will be the chief gainer, and badly she needs the additional trade.

The question of British coal exports as a whole is being seriously considered. It is the loss of export trade which has caused so much of the distress in coal districts. The suggestion is made that the entire industry should pay a levy of 3d a ton to enable lower prices to be quoted for export. Thus the foreign buyer would get British coal cheaper; but it is felt that this would be better than losing trade that means so much to a depressed industry.

THE TRAIN LETTER

The existence of a train letter service is not widely known and often it may prove very useful.

If we miss the last collection at a pillar-box we are allowed by the Post Office to take our letter to a station, where for a fee of threepence the letter, bearing the usual postage stamps, can be sent to the station nearest the address and there posted for us. The arrangement has now been extended to letter and light postal packets.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 7 1939

Longer Lives

WE see how much longer life is now by looking at the increasing number of elderly men who take a prominent part in public life.

The Chief Medical Officer to the Health Ministry tells us that of the 10 statesmen who held the office of Prime Minister in the first 38 years of last century five were under 50; of the eight who did so in the corresponding part of this century not one was under 50.

There is no doubt that public hygiene and private good sense have added much to our lives. In the old days self-indulgence too often incapacitated people at 50 or 60; now it is common for 80 years to be borne lightly.

This is very fortunate for the individual and the nation. Long life, with strength to enjoy it, is a great gift for the individual. For the nation it is a great thing to retain the ripe experience and counsel of the nation's elder statesmen. Today nine Cabinet Ministers are in the fifties, five in the sixties, and one in the seventies; only four in the forties and two in the thirties.

For youth there is great encouragement in the prospect of long life, for it means time in which to accomplish much. Let every boy and girl bear in mind that in youth there is now every prospect of living through two or even three generations, in years of increasing opportunity and growing aptitude. Youth can afford in 1939 to take an expansive view of human possibility, of long life in years worth living to see, of splendid records waiting to be made.

Never before had youth such a chance. How to make the best of it is the question; and the answer is simple enough, for it lies in simplicity. Treasure health by simple fare, by seeking fresh air and sunlight, by exercising the body and mind, by avoiding bad habits. Seek to understand not only your own work but what is going on in the wonderful life of the world. Seek to train every faculty and be ready to play your part. To be useful is to be happy; to be doing something for your country is to be honourable, paying the debt you owe to life.

Builders

GOD made His World,
And I made mine:
Both builders bent
On one design.

On one design,
And that, to plan
A homestead fit
For any man. Egbert Sandford



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A New Year Problem

WITH the New Year let us again direct our attention to that irregularity of work that spells misery for thousands of homes every year.

In November 461,500 tons of pig-iron were produced as against 762,300 tons the year before.

These cold figures of sudden and ridiculous change are a reproach to civilisation. There ought to be such a governing authority as shall level up production. It is really a simple thing, but no one will set about it.

The Pessimist

WE have come upon many definitions of a pessimist, but this one seems to sum him up very well: *A pessimist is a man who, when faced with two evils, chooses both.*

Something For Lord Stamp to Do

OUR railways are pleading for equality of treatment with the road haulage companies who are robbing them of trade.

The issue is a national one and should be treated on national lines. Why not make rail, canal, coastal, and road traffic one single concern, controlled by a National Transport Board?

That done, traffic could be dealt with economically and with the greatest advantage to the public. The organisation of British carrying would be possible in such fashion as to make each department carry the traffic best suited to it. The existence of unnecessary vehicles would end. The travelling of empty or half-empty vehicles (a prolific source of waste) would be reduced to vanishing point.

The nation possesses in Lord Stamp precisely the man it needs to organise such a big national scheme.

The Written Word

THE written word is one of the greatest things in the world. It provides a stable faith in the shifting sands on which we stand today.

Lord Tweedsmuir

The Shack of the Month

ONCE a month in old Monterey, California, the citizens get together and vote to choose the Shack of the Month, the ugliest building in town!

Thus little by little all the eyesores are being transformed into places well worth looking at, for invariably the owner of the Shack of the Month is so ashamed that he does everything he can to transform his shack into a place of which the town will be proud.

Owners of shacks in our countryside, please copy.

The Commas

SINCE Mr E. V. Lucas passed on many who knew him well have recalled his close attention to punctuation.

He insisted on seeing more than one proof of everything he wrote, and not a comma or a hyphen escaped him.

The story of Thomas Gray's concern about a comma in his Elegy is well known; the poet would spend hours deciding to take a comma out of one of the verses, and would afterwards spend hours deciding to put it back again. Thomas Campbell was just as particular; once he walked six miles to his printer and six miles back to ask him to change a comma to a semicolon.

A Story From Germany

TWO Berliners are going along the street, and one says aloud, "It is a rotten Government!"

A stern hand falls on his shoulder and he turns to face a Berlin policeman. "You are arrested!" says he. "What for?" asks the citizen, and the policeman says, "You said it was a rotten Government." "But," expostulates the offender, "I never said what Government."

"That won't do, there is only one rotten Government!"

JUST AN IDEA

We should all bear in mind that the person opposite acts as a mirror, reflecting our smiles and frowns.

Under the Editor's Table

THE writer who suggests that schoolchildren should be taught housework evidently wants sweeping changes in education.

PEOPLE like to own their own houses. And other people's.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer hopes for peace. But he won't give the tax-payer any.

A CRITIC says the modern novel is far too long. Beyond words.

IT is hard to recall how some recent tunes go. But, so long as they go!

THERE are openings in professional skating. But not, we hope, in the ice.

WINTER sports are cheaper. Ought to be on a sliding scale.

BOY SCOUTS are taught how to make fires out of doors. One way is just to chop them up.

THE Navy is to have more schoolmasters. And more scholarships?

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If our blacksmiths
are forging ahead

The Wind's Song

Is there anything in the world more melancholy than the sound of a windy night?

THE river never sings of ice,
No blackbird wails of falling leaf;
They sing like fairies gay and cold
Who never heard of time or grief.

But the wild storm has a human voice,
Unlike the river and the bird,
And now it cries about my ears
The same lament that Adam heard.

So Caesar woke, and Shakespeare woke,

To hear the same impassioned cry:
"All loveliness will fade and fall,
And every living thing must die."

They change, they are not lost, O wind!
But talking to the wind is vain;
Who'll teach the storm philosophy?
He rushes past us, wild with pain.

Past church and cottage window lights,
Across the moor men hear him call,
A pagan, human, frantic voice,
The oldest, saddest sound of all.

The Importance of Little Ones

A GOOD many people willing to agree that the soul of the sinner is as important as the soul of the saint in the Great Plan, nevertheless feel that in our everyday world the great are more important than the humble.

The CN has long been convinced that everyone is important, children and grown-ups, simple and powerful.

A few lines in The Countryman's Year by David Grayson brings this out with new clarity.

Yesterday I was talking with an old country philosopher I know. He was laying a stone wall, and commented on the indispensability of small stones to keep the large ones in place, make the wall solid.

"And I was thinkin' (said he) of the need of small men like me to keep the big ones in place. They can't leave a man of us out." "That's what they sometimes forget," said I.

"Yes, sir, they forget it; but it ain't fer long. Their walls fall down."

Good Courage

They have no fear whose faith is strong
For sake of Right to suffer Wrong,
And who, whatever may befall,
Know that God's love is over all;
In days of good and evil cheer
They have no fear.

They shall prevail who without cease
Do strive to tread the path of peace,
And who, must sterner ways be trod,
Go forward in the fear of God.
Though every darkest hour assail
They shall prevail.

O Thou to Whom all hearts are bare,
Receive our prayer,
Lord, hear our prayer.

Gunby Hadath

Nearing Home

All the while I lived, said a good man,
I was on my journey; but now that I am dying I find myself near home;
I am come to Mount Sion. I will not therefore sit down on this side Jordan, but hasten to the heavenly Jerusalem; whither when I come I shall there see my God face to face; hear my Saviour say, It is my Father's will to give thee a kingdom.
Henry Montague, Earl of Manchester

THE TALE OF THE WANDERING JEW

ALL through the centuries, for nearly a thousand years, men have listened, often with bated breath, to the tale of the Wandering Jew. It is one of the finest pieces of imagination in the world.

There are many stories of this strange traveller, some saying that it was he who struck off Peter's ears with his sword at the Mount of Olives; some saying that he was doorkeeper at the Judgment Hall where Jesus came before Pilate; some saying that he was the impenitent thief who mocked Jesus on the Cross. But the story most often told, and believed by millions throughout the ages, is that he refused to allow Jesus to rest at his gate.

The Most Solemn Moment in the History of Mankind

The story begins at the most solemn moment in the history of mankind, when Jesus was nearing Calvary. The Wandering Jew was there, and there and then he began his endless journey.

It is said he was a shoemaker, whose house Jesus passed on the way to the Crucifixion. He had been among those who dragged Jesus before Pilate, crying out that He should be crucified and that Barabbas should go free, and it is said that as soon as Pilate had delivered Jesus over to the people the Jew ran to his house and told the news to his family, that they might behold the captive Saviour.

Soon afterwards Jesus passed that way, where stood the Jew with a little child in his arms. Resting from the burden of the Cross, Jesus looked up and asked the shoemaker that he might rest a moment at the gate of his house. And then, the story goes, the Jew set down the child and ran forward, with insults and revilings, driving off Jesus and striking Him with his fist, saying, with a mocking laugh, "Go, Jesus, go! Why do you stop?" and pointing at Calvary as the place where He could rest. Then Jesus, turning towards him with a stern glance, answered, "I go, but you shall tarry until I return."

The Man Who Lived On Though All Men Died

At that very instant, the legend says, the Jew left his children at the gate and followed Jesus to the Crucifixion; and after that he found it impossible to return to his house in Jerusalem, and nevermore saw his children or his wife. Though they and all men died, he still lived on, and ever since the Wandering Jew has been travelling through strange countries, appearing here and there, like a spectre of past ages, living and wandering, longing for the death that will not come.

When tempests and whirlwinds have swept across the country, throwing down steeples and tearing up trees and blasting the life of the fields, it has often been said that the Wandering Jew was being borne by these storms from one place to another, so that even now, in some countries of Europe, when a great storm comes suddenly on a calm day, men and women and children will whisper to one another, *The Wandering Jew is passing by.*

The adventures of the Wandering Jew appealed intensely to the imagina-

tion of Gustave Doré, who illustrated it with a gallery of pictures, and poets have told the story in verse. Together the Doré pictures and the old poems have kept alive the ancient legend; and this is the tale they tell.

CARTAPHILUS the Shoemaker stood on the balcony outside his house when Jesus passed, bearing His Cross. When Jesus passed to Calvary, Weighed down with sin and with the tree, He saw, beside a humble door, A Jew, who mocked the load He bore (A shoemaker, the legends say); Christ moaned to him for leave to stay. "Upon thy threshold let Me rest," He said, and to the portal pressed.



Doré's picture of The Wandering Jew

But the man drove Jesus back, and Then Jesus spoke, and all the place Shone with a radiance from His face: "Begone upon thy endless march, Where mountains bleach and deserts parch; Never to rest! For thee no tomb, Nor sleep, till dawning of the doom! Bear everywhere this doom of thine Until the Judgment-morn shall shine."

So the Jew set out upon his wanderings until the Saviour of the World should come again.

Already grown old as he set out on his journey, the Wandering Jew lives on, yet never ages. Neither rest nor sleep will come to him as he goes from land to land:

*I ford the rivers, cross the sea,
And brooks that run and leap;
The forest, desert, heath, and marsh,
The level and the steep.
In hill and valley, all the same,
I find a path for grief and shame.*

The sight of a wayside cross, just outside a town, comes upon him like a stab. It is a rough night; the rain drives down in black, slanting storm-drifts; the city looms dull and black; the rocks are colourless and dreary as the sky; the boughs struggle and wave, and the leaves flap and shudder, as if torn with agony and remorse. The road is drenched, and swims with rain, so that, gleaming white and trans-

parent, it reflects the wavering shadow of the Jew.

The Wandering Jew arrives in Brussels, where the people throng about him, and the appearance of such a strange, weird figure creates a great commotion in the streets.

*To Brussels in the eve he comes:
The black crowd in the market hums;
Buyers and sellers gape and stare
To see his beard and tangled hair.
Beneath his hair, pale as if dead,
The grey eyes twinkle in his head.*

The people press about him for his story, but the Wandering Jew must not stay. He presses through the throng, and is on his way again before the people are recovered from their astonishment. Neither for food, nor sleep, nor rest, must he remain. On he goes from land to land, speaking the language of every country the moment that he enters it, but rarely stopping to tell his tale.

Now he is fording a river—perhaps the Rhine, for ruined towers rise on every steep.

*He wanders to the Vosges sleep,
To where the seven rivers leap:
To where the Rhine and the blue Rhone
Spur downward from their mountain-throne.
He sees the feudal towers that rise—
Firm towers, that mock the fleeting skies.
Nor rocky earth, nor swampy clay,
Retard the pilgrim's onward way.*

Ever-Present Visions of the Path to Calvary

The vision of the march to Calvary still haunts him. The shrine on the rippling water takes the shape of Jesus on the Cross. The ruins of the castles on the cliffs, the jagged walls and the tumbling turrets, the banqueting-hall and the dungeons—all now open to the sun and wind—fill him with terror, and on he goes, past cave and rock and river, on the journey that will not end.

Now to a graveyard he comes, but even here the peace he prays for is denied. "Five times, O solid earth," he cries, "I have travelled around thee!" Heaven, earth, and air seem full of visions of the path to Calvary. The very gravestones mock him, and drive him from this haunt of peace.

*Hear the glad bell that sounds to rest—
The bad together with the blest:
Their needs are o'er; with closed eyes
They calmly wait till Jesu rise.
But hark! the mourning bell that rings
Strikes him as with a thousand stings.
"No rest for thee, thou cruel Jew;
No parting kiss, no soft adieu;
Go, circle round the world, while we
Rest patient for eternity."*

In the Jew's long shadow on the turf black figures seem to move and mock as he passes by, and visions of the Cross appear.

Now he seeks other scenes. In the great silences of Nature he surely will find rest.

*Weary of cities and of men,
With dusty feet he seeks the glen
Beyond the Rhine where glaciers rise,
With misty tops, before his eyes.
In solitude, his heart again
Blooms like the hawthorn after rain.*

As he wanders on he hears nothing but the occasional scream of an eagle,

or the hum of the bees round the pine-cones. But, lo! on a sudden everything starts into life: the stones in his path shine like skulls, the boulders grin at him, faces glare from the boughs, withered stems fling aloft their arms in horror, and the dreadful procession spreads howling through the forest. In a moment, cleaving the darkness of the wood, comes an angel radiant as a sunbeam, and drives him on.

Seeking For Peace in the High Places of the World

Higher he goes into the snows, but the sorrowful vision of Calvary will not leave him:

*Do what he will, it will not fade,
Nor melt into the passing shade.*

He reaches the region of the higher snow; he is up where the marmot whistles and the lamb-vulture builds, far above the wild roses and the blue gentian. The chamois-hunter seldom ventures so far; and the slow herdsmen's bells tinkle faintly below. But even here winds the shadowy procession. There is the ponderous Cross; there the uplifted and denouncing hand, the buffeting soldiers, and the fierce horsemen; there, too, through the mist, rise the saints and apostles, as if heaven itself were frozen and turned to snow.

Everywhere, through the smoke of frost-mist, from the blue gashes in the glacier, and from the clefts and ravines, rise fearful forms.

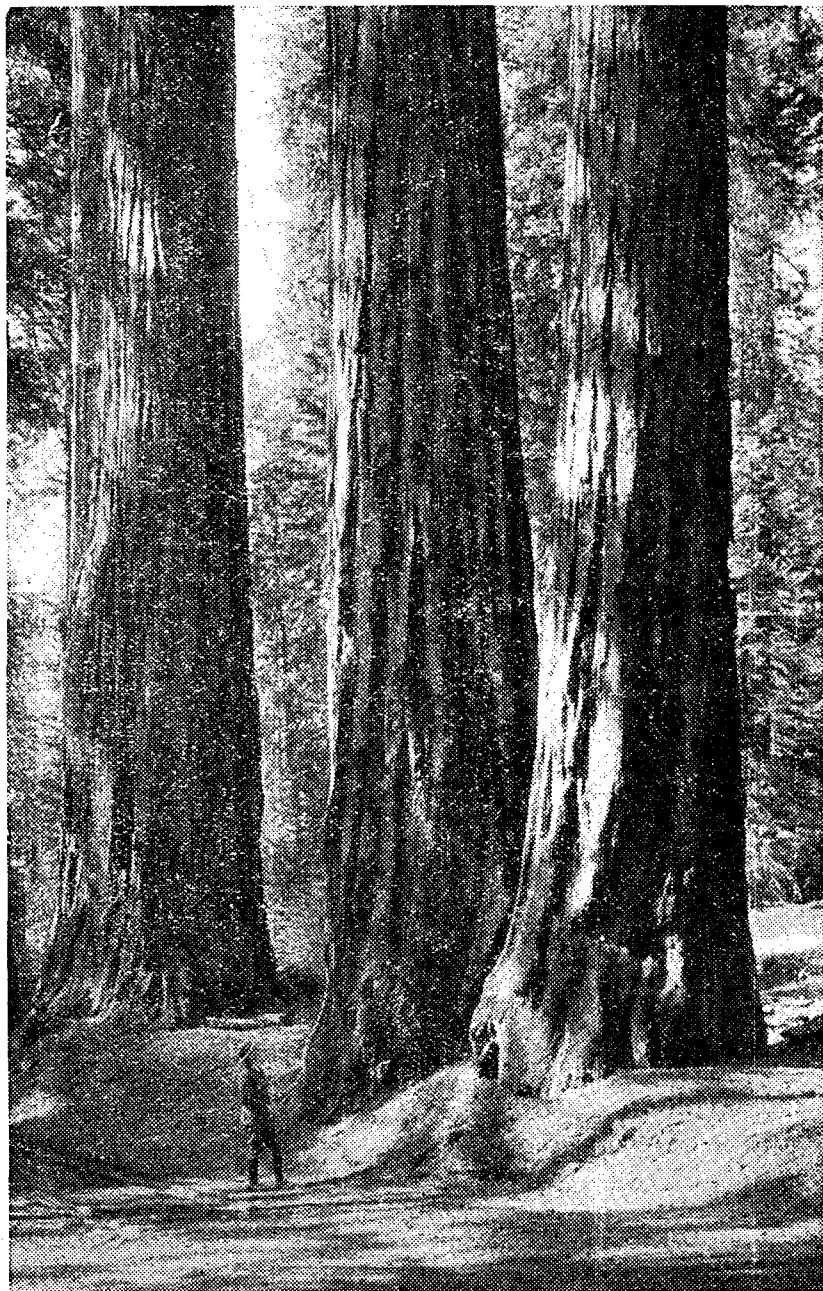
Now to the sea he wanders, but sea and land alike refuse him hospitality. Even the stormy sea will not drown him. The ship is tossed high and dry upon the rocks, like an empty shell. The Jew, the only man who will be saved, wades to land. From every wave rises a drowning man, staring at the fearful figure whom the storm will not touch. Some are clinging to his beard, the blanched hairs of which snap brittle in their grasp. A boat, loaded with men, is tossing over in the surf. Here, in front of the whirlpool, where the gulls scream and laugh, a sea-monster is swallowing a spar of the ship. Once more the Wandering Jew escapes the hands of death. Nothing will destroy him; he must live on.

On Through the Ages the Wandering Jew Must Go

Through battlefields and ravines, high up in the mountains and in storms at sea, he seeks in vain the rest that will not come. For a thousand years and more—for nearly two thousand years till now, the legend says, he has wandered, without sleep or rest, from land to land. Now he seeks death among the wild life of a valley in the mountains. Huge boas swing their heavy folds from the trees, a lion ramps on a rock, an elephant trumpets through the trees, and the sunless river is alight with the white trails of alligators. The path is crowded with monsters spiked and mailed. Horny eyes glare at him, and snaky tongues quiver round him. But he has a charmed life, and no tooth or sting can hurt him.

On through the ages the Wandering Jew must go, crying out to all the universe in vain for the rest that he denied to the Saviour of the World.

CN Picture-News & Time Map With Photographs I



Forest Giants—A group of Sequoia trees in Sequoia National Park, California, known as the Three Graces. See World Map



The Suez Canal—An airman's view of the great canal connecting the Mediterranean and Red Seas which has been so much in the news of late

A MERCURY MINE
Canada, so rich in mineral resources, can now add mercury to an already long list of mineral deposits. The first sample has been taken from a mine in the Bridge River district of British Columbia; it is believed to be the only mercury mine in the Empire.

A FOREST GIANT
Officials of the U.S. Forestry Service working in Humboldt State Park, California, have found a sequoia tree 364 feet tall. This forest giant, said to be the world's tallest tree, is almost as high as the cross on St Paul's Cathedral.

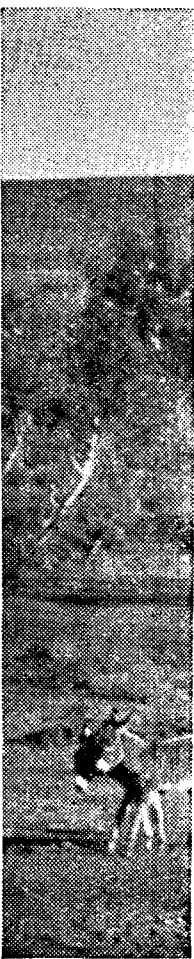
SEATS OF THE OLYMPIC JUDGES
German archaeologists working at Olympia, the scene of the great athletic festival in Ancient Greece, have uncovered on the south side of the stadium some seats which are believed to be those used by the judges of the Olympic Games.

WHALE v WARSHIP
An Argentine cruiser had a head-on collision with a whale when out at sea off Valparaiso in Chile. For two hours the 60-foot monster fought to free itself, the warship being held up meanwhile.

LAD
While searching for ins... Kenya's coffee crops e found a ladybird which attacking the pineapple collected, packed in a flying-boat along estab shown



Australian Immigrants—Young Britons at work on the Lady Northcote Training Farm in Victoria. It is conducted on the lines of the Fairbridge Farm Schools



The plan

From Three Continents—Africa, America, Australia

ARCTIC AIRWAY
At the Soviet authorities are to start an air service between Moscow and New York by way of North Polar. Three-motored planes, each carrying 42 passengers and a crew of 10, are now being prepared for trial flights next May.

LETTERS FOR OUTPOSTS
Wireless stations and lonely outposts in Russia's Far North and in Eastern Siberia are now served by a regular air mail service, letters and newspapers being dropped at recognised points. Experiments are also being made in the delivery of parcels by parachute.

UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
The war in China has transformed the little village of Shapingpa into an important centre of learning. Shapingpa now has two universities removed from areas threatened by the invader.

ASPHALT TRAP
Some young Russian geology students have discovered near Baku a prehistoric asphalt lake in which are embedded numerous prehistoric animals such as sabre-toothed tigers and wild horses. The animals, which must have been trapped before the asphalt solidified, are in splendid preservation.

BIRDS GO BY AIR
Plans to prey on the mealybug which attacks parts of the Department of Agriculture they knew as an enemy of a pest now plantations of Hawaii. Specimens were placed in special containers, and sent by plane and shed airways to Honolulu by the route above, about 14,000 miles.

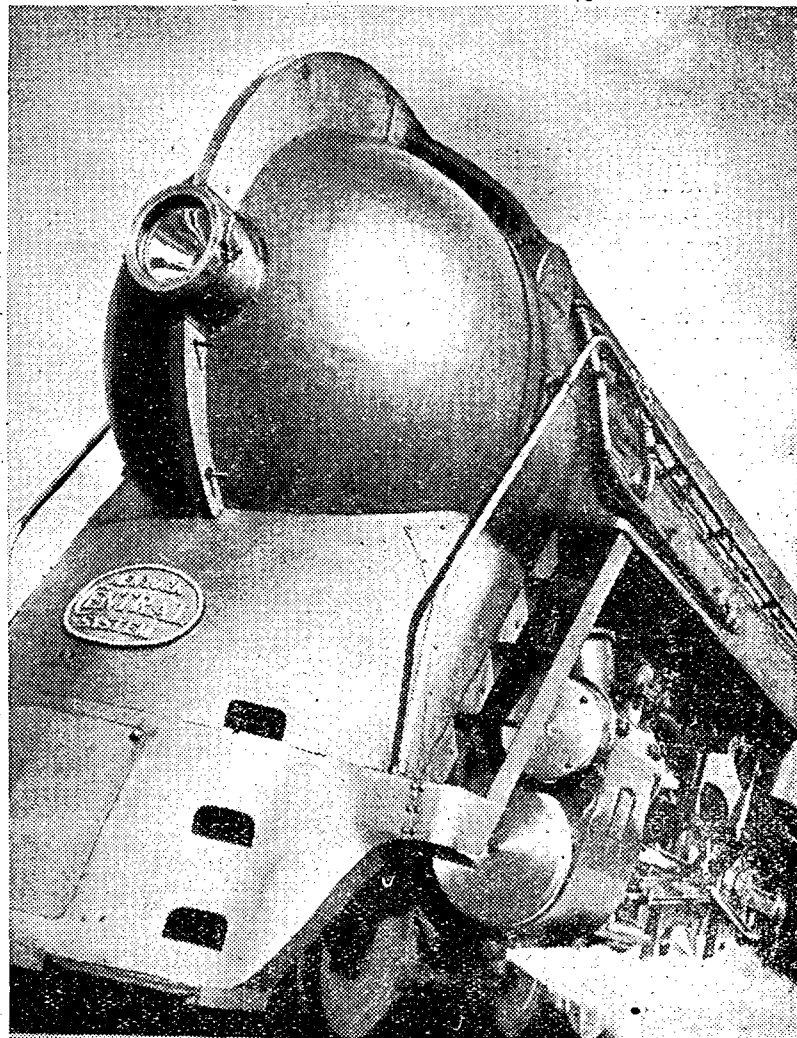
AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIND
Two prospectors have found a reef from which pieces of gold jut out at Larkinnville, about 30 miles from Kalgoorlie. In one day they scraped off gold worth £800. Larkinnville was the scene of a gold rush in 1933 but the deposits apparently gave out.



Floating Market—Souvenir sellers in the roadstead at Tangier as seen from the deck of a visiting liner



Key Mail—Many and various are the ways in which letters are carried in Australia, from aero-camel. Here we see how they are carried to the inhabitants of at least one outback region



Railroad Monster—The curious new engine of the famous Twentieth Century Limited, which covers the 960 miles between New York and Chicago in 950 minutes



Sir Thomas More among his friends—Margaret is on the left with a rabbit

EVERY day some of the hundreds of people seeing London go to Chelsea, and stand watching the river traffic, with their backs turned on the old houses of Cheyne Walk and Carlyle's statue.

Where the statue stands now a girl called Margaret More used to make daisy chains and bring dandelions to her rabbits.

Imagine her dressed in a long 16th-century gown and round bonnet, yet as much a child as your little sister in the short frock. She was delighted when her father moved from London to the village of Chelsea, and allowed the children to keep pets in the new garden—rabbits, ferrets, a monkey, a fox, and a weasel. She was unusually clever at her lessons, but she preferred play, and her father used to coax the little ones to take an interest in geography and history by showing them his museum of curios from foreign lands.

Their pretty young mother was dead, and their stepmother had a sharp tongue and a worldly mind; but as their father was always ready to play with them they were happy enough. He was so full of jokes that he called himself a giglot. When the children were stupid he made fun of them instead of punishing them, and it worked very well. There were three girls and a boy. Margaret, the eldest, was the favourite.

Life became more and more delightful to Margaret as she grew up. She learned that her beloved father was called the foremost man of his time. Men said he was the most upright judge who ever glorified justice. His learning was spoken of in foreign Courts. Everyone read his

book *Utopia*. It told of his imaginary encounter with a sailor from an ideal kingdom called *Utopia*, which means *Nowhere*.

In that place the poor were not housed in hovels built of mud, nor was the squire's floor strewn with dirty straw in which lay the bones of yesterday's dinner. All men had gardens, and houses built "after a gorgeous and gallant sort," all children were taught to read, no one worked more than nine hours a day, thieves were reformed instead of being hanged, and it was lawful for each man to believe in the religion he chose. Sir Thomas More concluded slyly, "there are many things in the kingdom of *Nowhere* which I rather wish than hope to see adopted in our own." His was the first voice to speak for the poor since *Piers Plowman* rhymed for them in the 14th century.

All the great ones of the age flocked to his home, where they found good talk, good music, and gardens running down to the river. More's favourite guest was a Dutch scholar called Erasmus, who was so poor that he had to write begging letters to his patron or starve. Erasmus declared that he and the Englishman were more than friends, they were two halves of one soul. They were such wits, and such enemies of hypocrisy, so learned and so human, that probably the world has never heard better talk than theirs.

Margaret loved to listen to Erasmus, though she could not know that he would be remembered for ever as one of the greatest figures of the great awakening called the Renaissance, which changed the ignorant, tyrannical Europe of the Dark Ages into a Europe of light, learning, and art.

But her favourite visitor was William Roper, a young man of an ancient Canterbury family, who had become a chief clerk to the King. They liked the same books and tunes, and each other. She was twenty when they were married. In Holbein's group of the More family we see Margaret seated in the foreground, book in hand, and we do not wonder that William Roper loved her.

A Noble Chancellor

Our royal Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, had dragged More to Court, and people said that he struggled as hard to avoid going as others strove to get there.

One exciting day the King and a train of gentlemen arrived on horseback, and servants peeped from the windows to see Henry walking up and down the garden a full half-hour with his arm round their master's neck. At that time England was at war with France. When the royal party had gone a friend congratulated More on the King's affection for him. He replied, "If my head would give the King a castle in France he would have it off."

After Wolsey's fall More was made Lord Chancellor. His father, 90 years old, was a judge of the King's Bench, and every morning on his way to the Lord Chancellor's court Thomas More went to this court and knelt to receive his father's blessing. There was never a nobler Chancellor, and all England was sorry when he resigned the seals, being in ill-health. People whispered that a time had come when he could not obey both King and conscience. He was glad to get back to his books and his garden.

King Against Church

But he was not allowed to enjoy them for long. The Pope had declared that the King's way of getting rid of his wife was illegal, and threatened to excommunicate Henry unless he took her back. The King replied that the Pope had no right or power in England, that he himself was Head of the Church, and that the child of his second wife, Anne Boleyn, not the child of the Catherine he had put away, should inherit the crown. An oath was framed assenting to these things, and More was summoned to Lambeth to take it.

As he walked down his garden and stepped into the waiting boat he was silent, but soon he was heard to say to himself, "I thank the Lord that the field is won." He had decided not to take the oath, though this was high treason. When he refused the Commissioners told him to withdraw and reconsider his decision, and he went to a window and sat on the sill, looking down to the sunny courtyard full of men who had taken the oath, and were laughing and talking loudly in their relief at having got it over. Presently the Commissioners called him back, and Sir Thomas More told them his mind had not changed.

He was sent to the Tower, and lay there for a year. Sometimes his wife came to rail at him for his mulishness. Why should he live in prison with rats when he might live at Court with

kings? "Mrs Alice (he would answer), is not this house as near Heaven as my own?"

Margaret was constantly with her father during his days of imprisonment. He would read her what he had written, and they would talk of books and progress, over which tyranny has no power.

One summer's day, when the sparkling water lapped against the steps at Traitor's Gate as musically as it lapped against the iris roots at Chelsea, Thomas More was taken from prison and tried for high treason. In Thomas Cromwell's notebook had been written, "Item, to know the King's pleasure concerning Master More." The King's pleasure was that the axe should fall on the neck he had embraced. More was found guilty, and condemned to die in five days.

The Head on a Spike

As the soldiers marched him back to prison a young woman forced her way through them and flung her arms round the prisoner, crying, "Oh, my father—oh, my father!" He laid his hand on her head, blessing her. They pulled her away, but again she broke through the armed men, and clung to him in such an agony of grief that some of the soldiers wept. At last father and daughter were parted, and Sir Thomas More was swallowed up in the dark fortress.

On the sixth of July 1535 he walked quietly to the block. He was 57, young-spirited, and in love with life, but he jested as he gave life up. The pleasant, clean-shaven man of Holbein's portrait had grown a beard, and he asked the executioner to wait while he moved it aside. "Pity that should be cut," he said; "that has not committed treason." A few hours later the face Margaret and Erasmus loved was seen on a spike on London Bridge. It was the sort of thing kings did in what fools choose to call the good old days. We can hardly believe the horrors of life in those fearful times, which shine like stars in history, but were dark and gloomy indeed for those who lived in them.

Soon the head disappeared, and Margaret was summoned before the King's Council and charged with having stolen it. She admitted possessing the relic; but it was clear that she would lose her own head rather than give up her father's, and even the men who had sent scores of great men to the block, and left monks to die of starvation in prison, could not bring themselves to condemn this peerless daughter to a similar fate.

A Death From Grief

Margaret Roper spent the rest of her days helping her husband to write his *Life of Sir Thomas More*. She had four little children, but her heart was broken, and even for them she could not live long. Nine years after her father's execution, when she was only 39, she died. They buried her with her father's head clasped in her arms.

There is no braver, sweeter soul in all our history than Margaret Roper; there is no rarer figure in our nation's story than this man who loved her as his dearest child.

COAL IN SARDINIA

Signor Mussolini the Miner

Signor Mussolini has found a new field for his energetic genius in Sardinia. It is a coal field.

Italy has to import nearly all the coal for her manufactures, especially of iron and steel. In future she will find some of it in the mining district of Carbonia in Sardinia. It will be only a fraction of the coal she needs, but it is expected to amount to 1,500,000 tons a year, which is an output not to be despised, and the mining of it will have other advantages.

The Duce in inaugurating the new mining district of Carbonia spoke complacently of the immense wealth of Italy's self sufficiency in coal in no way inferior to foreign coal. This may have been a figure of speech suited to a festal occasion, but it is no figure of speech that owing largely to his own driving power the engineers have opened up paying seams of coal where few expected to find them, and that a township has been founded by the side of the mines already housing 12,000 people.

The new coal town has been built in a year, and is a model of its kind with flower gardens between the houses of the miners, and with schools, church, post office, cinema, market, town hall, and sports ground all complete.

A New Industry

Carbonia is to be only a beginning. Near to it in the south-west corner of the island coal-washing plant and loading machinery are to be set up, so as to enable the coal to be shipped at once from Porto Antioco. Whether the enterprise will pay its way only the future can show. It depends on the quality of the coal. But the immediate profit is that of founding a new industry where few expected to discover it, and at the same time finding work in the future for 15,000 men.

As an agriculturist Signor Mussolini has already established a name for himself by planting wheat-fields in the reclaimed Pontine marshes south of Rome. Of the marshes, only a few thousand acres remain out of the hundreds of thousands which before the Duce took them in hand were under water. The cultivated land now supports a population of 60,000 and can boast two towns.

Here Signor Mussolini did more than make two stalks of wheat grow where one grew before. In Sicily he has performed another miracle in mining coal where none was mined before.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of January 1914

The Fresh Water of the Panama Canal. One man has remembered what most of us forgot. The water is running in the Panama Canal, but the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans do not meet. The water from the two oceans flows only into the sea-level at each end of the canal. It stops at the foot of the locks by which the ships climb up through the hills. The water in the locks and along the interior sections of the canal comes, not from the oceans, but from the rivers and lakes running along the course of the canal, and the canal contains sweet water for all that part covered by the locks.

This is a bigger disappointment to scientists than many of us can realise. They had been looking forward with eager expectancy to the meeting of the sea-life of the Atlantic with the sea-life of the Pacific. They had thought that the union of different types might result in the creation of new species. But there will be no such meeting—at least there will be no free, general meeting of the waters. The only way in which an Atlantic fish will get to the Pacific by way of the canal will be by following the ship from the open waterway up-stairs through the locks. Many will do that in course of time, no doubt.

The Thing is Becoming Clear

EITHER Peace or—what?

The thing is becoming clear. Britain, the Fortunate Island, has ceased in effect to be an island because of the invention of the internal-combustion engine, the device that made it possible to use flying-machines.

The aeroplane is changing life before our eyes. The Navy is no longer the impregnable wall behind which an island people can shelter in war, safe from assault, secure from invasion. The aeroplane can pass over the wall and make every part of the small island its target. The centre of England is only a hundred miles from the sea.

London is the biggest air-target in the world; with its environs it numbers 19,000,000 people. Add Manchester and its ring towns, Birmingham and the Black Country, the West Riding, the Glasgow group, the Merseyside and Tyneside groups, and we have nearly 20,000,000 people arranged in seven big targets that cannot be missed.

If these places, and others, are to be adequately defended it means turning Britain into a great fort, bristling with guns, with a great army of professionals and civilians practising their use. The sky must hum with fighting aeroplanes. The docks and harbours must be specially protected and siege stores made.

Steel shelters are to be provided by the Government for the homes of 10,000,000 people, while the basements of bigger houses, flats, and business premises are to be strengthened against dangers from high explosive bombs. Every town and village

must have a fire brigade able to cope with the effect of incendiary bombs. Every trade must be organised to produce war needs and have them as ready as though war had been declared, for air warfare is swift. Planes can reach the attacked in 30 or 60 minutes after war begins.

This picture of a nation shaped for war, ready to act instantly, is not a fanciful one. A Ministry has been set up to organise A R P. The War Office, Admiralty, Air Ministry, and other Departments of State are urgently at work. The factories are humming with the making of war goods, and each factory is to be armed with anti-aircraft guns.

This is not Peace; it is War—War all the time; War every day and hour. If we think of every nation, even Australia, playing the same game, we perceive a world given up to insanity.

It is, then, fortunate for our people and for all people that we have a Prime Minister set with determination upon a policy of appeasement. All must admit that he has saved Europe from a war that would not have ended without the loss of 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 fighting men, the pick of their kind, and 20,000,000 or more men, women, and child civilians.

He has now before him the greatest part of his task, and still millions of lives wait upon his work. Let us wish him well and seek by no word of haste or provocation to make his task more difficult. He will need the strength of a united people behind him to win.

How Many Apple Trees?

WHO could guess how many apple trees there are in the world?

Our Imperial Economic Committee put the total at 450 millions, which should supply more than an apple a day.

The total number of apple trees known to exist in cultivation is immense, but if we could by any means estimate the number of such trees that have been grown only to pass away in bad weather and hard winters, we might find that the number of failures far exceeds the surviving successes.

Last century a famous American grower planted apple trees of 30 varieties and continued his planting for nine years, also sowing pips enough to produce a thousand trees a year. At the end of ten years he had one tree remaining; the severe winters of his Minnesota orchards had killed the others. Happily the one survivor was

hardy and prolific, and proved a source of wealth to him and to all the other farmers to whom he gave seeds or cuttings. They called it the Wealthy Apple.

Last year was a bad one for apples in both Europe and America. The American crop is about 40 per cent less than the fine 1937 output of over four million tons, but Canadian production is again heavy.

The biggest fruit importer is Britain; the second Germany. Apart from variations due to weather, the world's fruit output steadily advances, and what were once luxuries are now sold on street barrows. Grape fruits are becoming as cheap as oranges.

Spain, unfortunately, has now more to think of than growing oranges, and her crop has become poor, which has had an effect on price. Fortunately, other nations have produced more.

A Lovely Village Smothered in Cement?

ANYBODY who knows what cement has done for some parts of Kent must wish it had never been invented.

The Age of Cement has bestowed a new architecture on London by the Thames, but it has devastated the Medway, and now threatens more of Kent's unspoiled woods, valleys, and villages.

Ightham, which to some is an almost sacred spot in Kent, not for its beauty alone, but because Benjamin Harrison found there the earliest relics of Ancient Man in Britain, is likely to be the next victim. The Malling Rural District Council have approved the plan of setting up a cement factory here, with the preliminary digging of a chalk pit and a washing plant in this loveliest of wooded valleys. Anybody who has gazed with dust-filled eyes on a cement works will know how much beauty will be left to the valley when the new works beside the River Medway are in full blast. The District Council's approval of the

spoliation is in contradiction to its own recommendation that, under the Town and Country Planning Act, Ightham should be scheduled as an agricultural zone; but, though everybody in the district disapproves violently of the selling of the pass by the District Council, there seems no legal way of preventing it except the raising of a vehement public opinion that it shall not happen.

The Young Rangers

These are our forests, to defend against the fires of thoughtless men.

This is the motto of the Young Ranger Band in British Columbia, made up of boys and girls between 8 and 18. It has been doing wonderful work since it came into being ten years ago, and last summer the quick action of five boys saved vast areas of timbered country from destruction by fire. There are now Young Rangers in 13 districts.

THE WORKING OF A GREAT IDEA

Beds When They Are Wanted

Little do those who are safe and well guess the number of people in London who want the Hospital and want it at once.

In the last half of last year the London hospitals received thousands of telephone calls asking them if they could take some one in. No fewer than 2800 beds were immediately found for cases that could not wait.

It is part of the Emergency Bed Service, which was established last June by King Edward's Hospital Fund and the Voluntary Hospitals Committee, and the idea is working splendidly. The plan is for a doctor who has in hand a serious case which must go to hospital as quickly as possible to telephone his need to the central office of the service. This central office keeps in touch with every hospital associated with the scheme by telephoning to it twice a day to find what number of beds it has vacant. The reports from them are divided into 40 divisions, according to the kind of bed which is available, and the kind of patient or illness which it accommodates.

Arranged in Ten Minutes

To keep this information up to the moment, and to apply it to the needs of patients, no fewer than 25,000 telephone calls have been made. There are already more than 1200 doctors who eagerly make use of the service, but their telephone calls are only part of the number.

The procedure is for the doctor to telephone to the central office asking for a bed for his urgent case. The office then finds out what beds in the hospitals are vacant, and very rarely are more than ten minutes needed to arrange for admission. During this time the doctor has given the particulars of his case, and he then has to decide to which hospital having a bed at liberty he wishes to send the patient.

The hospital is then informed, the bed booked, often an ambulance called, and finally the doctor is telephoned to confirm that all is in order.

It has all worked with unexampled smoothness and rapidity and because it has done so many a life has been saved. Thanks for the smooth working are due to the Ambulance Service of the L.C.C. and to the Home Ambulance Service of the Order of St John of Jerusalem and the British Red Cross.

The Pole-Vaulters

There are no road hogs in Eastern Frisia, which is in Northern Germany, for there are no roads.

The country is so marshy that the fields are criss-crossed with canals and ditches, which, as well as being for drainage, act as boundaries between farms. The peasants, men, women, and children, use vaulting poles when they want to go from one field to another! This is probably the only place in the world where pole-vaulting is the normal way of getting about.

The boys and girls are taught the difficult art at school, and quickly learn to vault the widest ditch with ease and confidence. The vaulting poles are nine feet long and have special discs on the ends to prevent their sinking into the ground. The poles last for years, the villagers burning their initials into them.

Still Going Strong

We raise our hat to Mr George Shipley of Louth, not only because he has succeeded in living 100 years, not simply because he takes a walk every day, but because he is still an incorrigible optimist, having ordered a new suit from his tailor.

FAIR PLAY FOR NEW ZEALAND

Our Fine Customer

New Zealand is a fine customer of the Mother Country. She buys from us all she can.

Since 1935 her purchases have risen from £18,000,000 to nearly £28,000,000, excellent when we recall that New Zealand has a population of only about 320,000 families. Each family buys from Britain about £87 worth in a year.

Yet the Federation of British Industries makes bitter complaint that the Dominion controls its imports and establishes industries of its own, and the Empire Director of the F.B.I. actually says that "if they want to carry out a Socialist experiment in New Zealand, by all means let them do it, but not at the expense of this country."

Such language seems to have no true reference to the facts. New Zealand is entitled, as a free member of the Empire, to pursue her own policy, and as the New Zealand Government placed orders in Great Britain last year worth £2,000,000 it is difficult to know why complaint is made.

That New Zealand is controlling her imports by licence is easily explained. She has to pay interest to British investors, and must have regard to her own stability. If she imports too much, she exceeds her power to pay for both imports and interest.

Power From Ancient Battlefields

While engineers were inspecting the banks of the Waikato River in New Zealand, near the thriving borough of Cambridge, in search of a suitable site for a new electric scheme which will harness New Zealand's longest river, they came across old fortifications of the Maoris.

Hidden in bracken and gorse were old trenches the Stone Age Maoris had built with their wooden spades as a defence to their villages. There were also cooking ovens built in the Maori style, pits filled with red-hot stones on which food was placed to be steamed.

On the site of these old fortifications, which commanded the river highway into the interior of the North Island of New Zealand, workmen are now making paths, sinking shafts, and driving tunnels. The engineers are testing the nature of the country to see if it is suitable for building a great dam across the river. A few miles farther up the river, at Arapuni, is a great dam which forms a lake 20 miles long and has a power station providing electricity for hundreds of thousands.

The Prime Minister's Royal Descent

Mr Anthony Wagner, Portcullis Pursuivant at the College of Heralds, has discovered that Mr Chamberlain is descended through his mother from Edward the First.

Nearly 20 generations have passed away since the great king's ninth daughter Elizabeth was born at Rhuddlan Castle in North Wales. As a widow of 20 she married Humphrey de Bohun, the Earl of Hereford who was killed at the Battle of Boroughbridge. One of their descendants married a Chamberlain of North Wales, and in Wales the family seems to have remained until it moved to the Birmingham district early in the last century. The pedigree shows that Mr Chamberlain is related also to John Quincy Adams, a President of the United States of America.

News Of Your Rubbish Heap LOOK TO THE ATTIC

A METHOD for cutting losses from fire in half that has been tried for some years in America has been approved by the International Association of Fire Chiefs.

It is a system of free annual inspection of houses by firemen and advice to householders as to how they may reduce fire hazards.

This inspection is a courtesy offered to the public by the firemen, who usually do the work in their spare time and without extra pay because they know that the inspections reduce their emergency calls by half. No one is obliged to let them in when they knock, but few people wish to keep them out. Theirs is purely an errand of mercy, in its preventive stage.

They look at chimneys, heating systems, electric wiring, and fuse boxes, and examine the house from cellar to attic for the fireman's worst enemy—rubbish. It is astonishing what quantities they collect.

During a six weeks campaign against rubbish in the town of Providence, with 300,000 inhabitants, 1680 tons of rubbish were collected and burned. The town's basements produced over 1000 dry-as-dust Christmas trees tucked away in corners, perfect kindling for a big blaze. Nearly 3000 elderly mattresses were disposed of, along with innumerable piles of old polishing rags, sacks that come round hams, and similar suspicious material which is known to be capable of igniting spontaneously. Books, newspapers, old furniture, ancient straw hats, old clothes, dressmakers' dummies, all added to the town's great preventive bonfire. But the record collection from

one house was made in Cincinnati, where 14 lorry loads of rubbish were taken away from one house.

How many people there must be in the world who say to themselves regularly on Monday morning: "I really must do the attic this week and clear out the rubbish," yet the week rolls by and the attic (or the cellar or the box-room) takes in a little more and gives up nothing.

To this great army of well-meaning housekeepers, the eye of a friendly fireman comes as a boon and a blessing. He pokes about among the boxes and bags and says, "Well, Madam, if you could dispose of all that's in that corner, and put that other lot there in a tin trunk, you would not only feel your house was a lot tidier but it would actually be safer from fire. Shall I ask the lorry to call tomorrow morning?" Suddenly it all becomes easy. We no longer have Mrs Smith and Mrs Jones struggling with just one more tiresome household task; instead, we have all the citizens of Xville working together to reduce the number of fires in their town. After the inspection and clean-up in Providence, the number of fires in private houses dropped from 550 a year to 201.

The C.N. approves of this work heartily, but it asks the International Association of Fire Chiefs to arrange that every set of instructions that goes out to guide firemen in making these house to house inspections should have on it in big type: LOOK FOR CELLULOID TOYS, and, where possible, under safe conditions, should show parents and children their danger.

Brer Rabbit Comes On and On

BRER RABBIT is not easily got rid of. We know the owner of a small area of 20 acres who has destroyed over 600 in a season but seems as far as ever from saving his land from attack, for fresh rabbits come from outside the area. It is a parable of what can be done by quiet persistence; without arms, Brer Rabbit defies gun and snare.

The rabbit is estimated to cost our farmers about £50,000,000 a year. Lord Sempill's Crops Bill proposes to empower local authorities to order an occupier of land to deal with his rabbits, or else to enter upon the land and deal with the rabbits themselves, at

the expense of the neglectful occupier. (We think many occupiers would be grateful to the local authority who would do this.)

The farmer who keeps down his rabbits is at the mercy of neighbours who do not.

To prevent cruelty, the use of the steel trap is forbidden by the Bill except in rabbit holes, and the Protection of Animals Act (which prohibits the use of poison) is to be amended to include rabbits.

It seems to us that the Ministry of Agriculture ought to organise a corps of men to give all their time to this task, proceeding from place to place.

The Office in a Cage

WE were reading the other day of a visitor to one of the Bata shoe factories in Czecho-Slovakia who got the surprise of his life when, while sitting in an office on the top storey, the whole floor, the typists at their desks, bookcases, telephones, and all the office paraphernalia suddenly began moving downwards!

He looked round in horror, and was somewhat reassured by the fact that everyone seemed quite unconcerned. On arrival at the ground floor he was shown out of the office and taken to see a new 16-storey building now being constructed, where both Mr Bata's office and the general manager's are

being built in elevator cages. Each office will be so heavy that two sets of the most powerful American machinery will be needed to lift it.

If Mr Bata wants to see his buyers all he has to do is to press a button, which immediately takes his office up or down to their floor. Then he rings for the men to come in. While his office is moving he can keep on with whatever he is doing, dictating or telephoning. The idea of having offices in elevator cages is that it saves everyone's time; it seems to be part of the Speed Age, which has time for everything except to live at peace.

Mr Three-Ply Robot

In a New York suburb are policemen who are very good at controlling the traffic but no good at all when it comes to directing a stranger to his destination, for they are robots.

These six-foot policemen are built of three-ply wood, and wear a smart painted uniform. In their sturdy hearts beats an electric motor, which makes them all their eyes and wave their arms to indicate to the motorist what action he must take.

The Men in the Street

A missionary who has been at home for some years after a long service in the mission field in China has now told the Society of Friends of his intention to return to Shanghai.

His wife (Mrs Silcock) said that after being inclined to take the common-sense view they found that it was not the right view. Their course became clear when they read that the presence of Englishmen in the street had prevented cruelty by the soldiers.

THE JAZZERS AND THE ROMANCERS

Music and History as They are Spoiled

History is to the film makers what the splendid tunes of the great composers and traditional airs are to the men who make up jazz.

Let us deal first with the tunes. One of the latest assaults on real music is a jazz version of The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond. This to the Scot, and to every lover of what is good, is a priceless treasure; yet we have it salted and peppered by the jazz merchants to fit it for modern ears spoiled by noise. Its melody comes through the din, it is true, but why should money-makers be licensed thus to deal with national possessions? It would be proper to have a law against it, and not very difficult. Another recent musical sin was a jazz version of the Wedding March of Mendelssohn, which many people must have thought not only ridiculous but scandalous.

As for the films, the extravagances of both American and British producers need to be curbed. In one case of film history the producers touched living persons and heavy damages for libel were awarded, but no such remedy can be claimed for historical characters long dead, and here producers work their mischief unchecked. It is mischief, for history is not truly taught on the screen, and contains too many fairy tales. The Suez film is a case in point. The building of the Canal was a great engineering feat belonging to history; the film reduces the great story to what is mere romance.

Life is a Fine Thing

Nothing is easier than imagining the world is full of bad people and that life is a poor thing. But the truth is that the world is full of good people and that life is a fine thing. We have been looking at the Revd. W. E. Clapham's book on The Good Fight At Bow, and this is what we read.

Human nature is sound. There is much folly and no little sin; many are wayward, selfish, careless, but the heart of the people in East London is sound as a bell.

Our homes, so far as the simple, human joys are concerned, are as happy as any in the land; comparatively few marriages come to grief; Darby and Joan live in every street! The poor proverbially help the poor, and kindness expressing itself in practical ministries is common among us. Courage and fortitude are virtues we see every day, and if the Victoria Cross were given for gallantry displayed on the battlefields of adversity that coveted distinction would be on many a breast in Bow.

If you are becoming cynical and losing faith in men and women come to East London.

Conscience Money

In the United States they might say that, though "conscience money" is sometimes sent to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, the British Treasury is slow in paying any out.

The "conscience money" the United States would like to get from Great Britain is the British War Debt, which we declined to pay unless other European nations paid us their share of it.

This seems just enough, but the fact remains that on behalf of ourselves and those other nations engaged in the war we owe the United States about £210,000,000. An instalment of £26,000,000 became due at the end of the year. It was not paid, and, reasonable as the British Treasury's attitude may be, it is a debt that is rather on our conscience. It is one of very many things the war left behind to trouble us.

A HAPPIER OLD AGE FOR MILLIONS MORE

And Pensions For Widows and Orphans

Last Tuesday was a red letter day for over two million men and women in our land, for on that day the Act dealing with Voluntary Insurance for Widows, Orphans, and Old Age Pensions came into force.

The last weeks of 1938 witnessed a rush of applications from people anxious to enjoy its benefits, especially on the part of those between the ages of 40 and 55, who would not be able to insure once the Act was in force. To join this excellent Government scheme, however, was to receive value for a surprisingly low rate of contribution, the sum of 1s 3d a week entitling a man to old age pensions for his wife and himself at the age of 65 and of pensions for his widow and orphans if he died before reaching that age and had contributed for 104 weeks. Women contributing 6d a week could insure an old age pension for themselves and pensions for their orphans on the same terms.

What the Government Does

Thus, by applying before January 2 a man was able to insure what in the ordinary way would cost the older applicants 15s a week, because the Government is paying the balance of 13s 9d. Or, take the case of a widow of 54 who has joined the scheme; by the time she becomes eligible for her pension she will have paid about £14, but she will get nearly twice that sum in her first year's pension. If she dies at the end of two years from her first payment, each of her children will receive 7s 6d a week up to the age of 14 or of 16 if still at school.

On the death of a man who has made 100 weekly contributions his widow will receive a pension of 10s a week, his eldest child 5s and every other child 3s a week, while if, during his years of insurance, a man owing to illness or unemployment has been unable to make regular payments, but has paid at least 26 a year for five years, his dependants will receive half the amounts.

Blackcoats and Blacksmiths

This excellent Act has been called the "black-coated" pensions scheme, because it made State Pensions available at 65 to clerks and similar workers not already covered by former Acts, but it includes, as the Minister of Health, when introducing the Bill, so aptly said, "many who work for most of their time without any coat," such as the sweep and the village blacksmith, the plumber and the joiner, the shopkeeper and any other man working on his own account, while among women workers are nurses and dressmakers.

Insurance is limited to men with incomes of £400 and women with £250, provided that more than half these sums are earned, so it will enable many a clergyman, accountant, lawyer, travelling salesman, farmer, and clerk to insure that his wife and young children will have some provision in the event of his death, and that he will not be in a worse position than those already insured throughout our great industries and State services when reaching 65.

Obviously the cost to the State for the first few years will be high, but it will become less because henceforward the age of entry must be under 40, while the rates of contribution will be graded higher. For all that, the plan has filled a gap in our social legislation to the satisfaction of everybody.

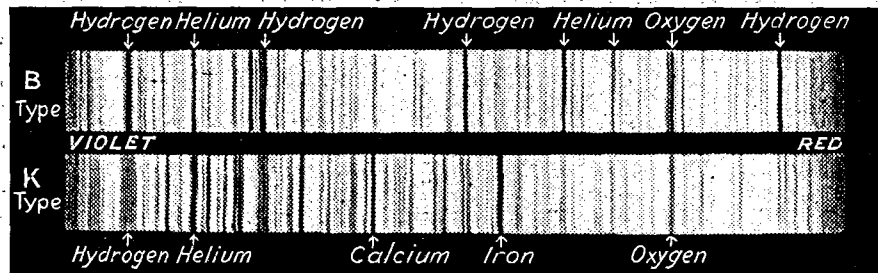
The Queue

There were many chuckles during a cinema performance not long ago when this message appeared on the screen:

A £5 note has been found in the stalls. Will the owner please form a queue outside the box office tomorrow night?

How the Stars Tell Their Story

THE WONDER OF THE SPECTROSCOPE



The alphabet sent us by the stars

OUR wanderings among the stars took us last week far away into the depths of the constellation of Auriga for something like a thousand years in space-time—in other words light-years—to that colossal solar system of Zeta in Auriga, which is one of the easily identified stars representing the Kids. It is directly overhead about 9 o'clock and was indicated in last week's star-map. There, with the C.N. astronomer as our guide, we will travel again this week, the Moon being absent, to continue closer investigations into this solar system of Zeta and learn of some unique and recent discoveries in the composition of these glorious suns.

Energy From the Stars

These discoveries are among the marvels of astronomical research. It may be wondered sometimes how astronomers manage to find out so much and to prove its accuracy, when the objects are usually many millions of times farther away than our Sun. Now, though they cannot get there and see for themselves, it fortunately so happens that the stars are generous and send us a small portion of their energy in the form of light and heat. This, grasped in much larger quantities by the big lens of the telescope than is possible with the tiny lens of the eye, is then analysed through the spectroscope and then permanently recorded by photography. A simple process, but what of the record?

This presents a permanent written statement, as it were, of the condition of the particular star for that moment, and one that can be compared with any number of similar records taken at other times. Thus a veritable recorded "history" of the vast heavens is gradually being compiled at the great observatories of the world. As astronomical history constantly repeats itself, ample opportunities are provided for verification.

As many readers know, this history is recorded by the stars themselves by means of an alphabet of very fine lines and bands across the spectrum, or broken up light, of the particular star as revealed through the spectroscope. It is an alphabet of thousands of letters,

each line a letter; and it is the placing of these letters or lines relatively to the others, the bands of colour, and other details, many of them microscopic, that spells out the information. These lines were produced by the energy of the star and represent different chemical elements. Here are revealed certain conditions of these elements and numerous details concerning the star as a whole; even its distance and the direction in which it is going, whether away from or toward us. If, as often happens, two suns compose the star, then the whole alphabet of lines is doubled, and it is the changing positions of each set, as a whole, that reveals so much of the inter-relationship of one sun with the other.

So the story of each solar system grows until we reach such a marvellous record as that of Zeta in Auriga. For five years several astronomers have been obtaining such photographic records of the two gigantic suns composing this star. During this time the suns were writing their own stellar history as literally and as truly as if it were sent in news-print. Perhaps more truly, for the waves of light never err: they merely have to be read aright, in which case verification is usually forthcoming to settle the matter. We merely get the news a thousand years afterwards.

The Disappearing Spectrum

Zeta is composed of two enormous suns, one a super-giant of the K type and the other a smaller but super-hot one of the B type and therefore excessively brilliant. These characteristics are readily apparent in their contrasting spectra, a few of the leading differences being shown diagrammatically in the drawing. It so happens that the giant K sun periodically eclipses the more brilliant B sun. This is revealed by a singular effect upon the spectra of the two suns. For while normally one spectrum appears superimposed upon the other and only gradually changing its position, there comes a time when the B sun is completely eclipsed, during which its spectrum vanishes altogether.

Much has been discovered as the result of these singular eclipses which must be reserved for next week, when we will make a further exploration of Auriga. G. F. M.

Who'll Buy Pure Water?

THE Minister for Health has been rejoicing over the immense supplies of pure water coming every day to our homes. To emphasise the wonder of modern achievements he mentioned the startling fact that water engineers of a century ago had to provide only five gallons a day per head of population.

Let us see what that means. The population a century ago was just over 24 millions, so that the daily consumption of water amounted to about 120 million gallons for the kingdom. Today, London alone uses more than twice as much water as that.

Engineers have wrought marvels in the last hundred years, but in the centuries taking us back to Shakespeare's London they did little. In the reign of James the First Hugh Myddleton brought water to London from Hertfordshire, the New River supply, as it is still

called. Until then London drank from the unfiltered Thames and from wells of doubtful purity. In the absence of tea and coffee people, afraid of the impurities of water, drank light, home-made beer at meals, which, because the water had been boiled, was free from poisonous bacteria. But few of Shakespeare's Londoners had anything like five gallons of water a day.

High Tides made the Thames water salt from the sea; it made the beer brackish and the drinking water unpalatable; so people bought water from water-bearers who carried it round in flasks; we imagine they would call: Who'll buy pure water? The water would come from wells which were at least free from salt, and so important a place had these sellers of water in the city's life that they had their own livery company and their own city hall.

A WHIPSNADE FOR SOUTH KENSINGTON

Chance For Crowded Museums

Lord Rothschild has offered Tring Park and its mansion to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

Tring is a famous name among naturalists, for here Lord Rothschild's uncle filled his private museum, just outside the park, with animals from all over the world, birds and reptiles and mammals, and an unsurpassed collection of butterflies and moths. This museum he left to the Natural History Museum as an annex.

His nephew's offer completes the gift and would make of Tring a kind of Whipsnade of natural history specimens, in Hertfordshire.

It would at the same time enable the Natural History Museum, which is at present so congested in some of its departments that the specimens cannot be seen for the cases, to re-arrange itself. Tring would not be an overflow receptacle for what the Natural History Museum cannot accommodate, because so many of its specimens are of the highest class, and are unequalled at South Kensington. Tring would rather be a museum by itself which would display, in a part of the country becoming every year more accessible, the best specimens of both museums.

The Great Fossils

At present, in spite of every determined effort by the curators of Departments, the Natural History Museum is a muddle. The great fossils, from the Ichthyosaurus to the restored Diplodocus, are displayed to admiration, and so are the birds, owing to the devotion of one man—though they would be better with more room. Well displayed also are the Whales. But the mammals are a rabble and the botanical and mineralogical specimens would be better elsewhere.

What is true of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, which shows in its Central Hall how the specimens might be displayed so as to command attention and interest, applies also to other London Museums. The Victoria and Albert is a labyrinth of mingled treasures and has a crypt of second class objects which it cannot exhibit, and the wealth of the British Museum is appreciated only by students.

The chief object of a museum is not that of being a repository but of showing to the public what it possesses to the best advantage. In order to reach this ideal the formation of more, and less congested museums, outside London might be the first step. Why cannot every London Museum have its Whipsnade, and so help to unveil the interest of the countryside?

THE CHOPSTICK WORLD

Fingers Before Forks

According to an American computation, not more than a third of the people in the world eat with a knife and fork. Another third use chopsticks. The remaining third eat with their fingers.

It is certainly true about the first third, for all the white people of the world number less than a third, and few of the coloured folk use knives and forks. As to the second third, the users of chopsticks do not amount to a third; probably numbering, in China, Japan, and Korea, about a fourth of the world's population, so that the folk who still eat with the fingers amount to over a third, or say 850,000,000 to 900,000,000.

It is an interesting analysis, for it reminds us how primitive still are the habits of a very great part of mankind, and what tremendous changes have yet to take place.

Complete in Four Parts

DANGEROUS WATERS

By William MacMillan

CHAPTER 3

A Thief in the Night

THE jagged peaks of the mountains faded behind the travellers with the passing days, and they found themselves presently in a world of swamps and tundras through which the river wound with ever decreasing speed. Oddly enough, there seemed more movement, more wild life about here than in the deeper woods. And they were continually scaring wild things up out of the bogs.

Mink and marten, their thick coats glinting richly against the snow, scuttled along the low shore and disappeared into their holes to stare at them with hard, bright eyes as they passed. At other times, though more rarely, grey lynxes, huge and shadowy, loped away over the morass as they rounded a corner or swept around a curve.

Not all the wildfowl had gone south, it seemed. Scores of them, late migrants, lingered in shallow, snow-fringed pools. Something deep down inside them must have warned them, nevertheless, that the hounds of winter would soon be barking at their tails, for they kept rising in clouds to circle the pool, stare questioningly southward, and come to rest once again in the muddy water.

Though neither Jack nor Mary Jane could name more than one or two of these restless stragglers, the latter stuck to it so persistently that she soon managed to identify most of them.

The canvasback ducks and teals were fairly easy to tag, of course. The former by their dark red heads and the latter by their chestnut-brown heads striped with green. Some of the others, like the mallards and pintails, were slightly more difficult to identify, while the scaups fooled her completely.

Looking mighty pleased with his pupil's aptitude, Gros Louis grunted deep in his throat and pointed with a dripping paddle to a dark, uneven cloud sweeping down the wintry skies towards them. "Maybe you can tell me what zai are, no?"

"Huh!" grunted Jack, giving the flying wedge a casual glance. "Just another bunch of duck."

But Mary Jane was staring at the newcomers with puckered brows. Then the sound of voices, faint and quavering, quickly brought the word geese to her lips.

Picard chuckled and drove his paddle deeper into the water. "Not geese, Miss Mary Jane, but swans."

"Swans?" repeated Jack in awe, taking another quick look at the flying host.

"Say," he went on, "wasn't it swans that got caught in the drifting ice at Niagara Falls last year?"

"They were geese," his sister corrected him gently—"Canada geese."

Scorning danger, it seemed that swans built their nests like watchtowers in the sphagnum bogs, and when the time came moved across the heavens, a mighty army on the wing. Awed and subdued by the sheer majesty of their flight, the young travellers stared silently up at the flying wedge.

Their long, thick necks stretched out to the limit, their misty-white feathers glinting in the sun, and their trumpet-notes pealing musically out over the swamps, the great birds, remnants of a vanishing species, swept overhead. The speed of their flight was incredible. One minute they were overhead, darkening the heavens, and the next they were gone, leaving only a few tinkling notes behind them.

With the last of the trumpeter swans on the move, the milling flocks in the pools below evidently decided that it was no time for lesser folk to linger. Rising in clouds, they hovered uncertainly overhead for a second or two, then started off on the long southward trek, with a rustling of sturdy wings, leaving the pools silent and deserted.

Though surprised to find that the short afternoon had come to a close without them noticing it, Jack and Mary Jane were still too overwhelmed by the gorgeous spectacle they had just witnessed to make any comment.

A few minutes later they rounded a curve in the river to find a fire crackling merrily ashore and their eager parent waiting for them on the beach. "Hurry up and land," he shouted. "This is the halfway mark and Sioui wants to celebrate the occasion with a banquet."

"Good idea," agreed Jack, jumping ashore and steadying the canoe so that his sister could disembark.

It seemed difficult to believe that the best part of 700 miles of difficult travel already

lay behind them. And after Mary Jane and Jack had disposed of Sioui's offerings they settled themselves comfortably before the fire and reviewed the events of the last few days—the long portages on the far side of the watershed, the weary marches over the rough trail, and, finally, the terrifying dash down the rapids.

Aroused from these reflections by a faint sound overhead, they looked up to find that the turquoise sky of the late afternoon had deepened to sapphire, and across this swept a company of small birds that David Watson promptly identified as warblers.

But the warblers weren't alone in the heavens. Beyond them, miles higher, swept another cloud of black dots that quickly disclosed themselves to be golden plover. Still wearing their summer plumage, for they courted on the wing, these tiny travellers were on the first lap of a journey that would eventually lead them clean across the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

"It doesn't seem possible," murmured Jack when the last of the flying host had disappeared from sight and night had closed down about the camp, "that such tiny creatures could undertake such a journey!"

Waking suddenly to the discovery that it was past bedtime, Jack and Mary Jane were casting longing looks in the direction of their sleeping bags when the gravel crunched under a stealthy foot and the hulking figure of a bearded man, armed with a rifle, stepped into the circle of firelight.

"Come on thar, everybody," snarled the visitor, swinging his weapon threateningly in their direction, "stick yer hands in the air and back up agin that thar rock."

Warned by the man's short, crisp command that he wouldn't hesitate to pull the trigger if they as much as hesitated, the travellers, hands aloft, backed silently against the big rock flanking the fire.

"I need grub," rasped the man, glaring at them as if expecting them to deny it, "an' I'm goin' to git it."

Meeting with no reply, he dropped a square brown box from his shoulders, regarded it doubtfully for a moment, then kicked it into the darkness. Keeping the rifle continually pointed in their direction,

he collected every scrap of food in sight and stuffed it into his grimy haversack. Glancing nervously over his shoulder into the enveloping darkness, he slung the bulging pack to his shoulder, snarled at his victims like the wolf he was, and backed quickly to the edge of the firelight.

"Tanks fer yer help," he rasped. "An' if anyone asks fer Red Doran ye kin tell 'em he's holin' up in the Barrens fer the winter."

The man's ferocious chuckle trembled in the air long after he had disappeared.

"Phew!" whistled Jack. "That's one for the book, Dad. Whoever heard of being held up in the heart of the wilderness?"

"But why didn't the poor fellow ask you properly, Dad?" broke in Mary Jane. "I'm sure you would have given him whatever he needed."

"Hello," exclaimed Jack, reappearing from the gloom at that moment with the box the stranger had jettisoned with such obvious reluctance, "what do you suppose this is?"

"Be careful," warned Mary Jane, backing away as he wrenched at the cover; "it might be a bomb..." The rest of the sentence was drowned under Jack's whoop of delight. "Dad, it's a radio!"

Crowding about him, the rest of the travellers watched Jack remove from its case a complete and businesslike radio set fitted with dry-cell batteries and an antenna. "It's one of those new German outfits," he gasped.

All thoughts of sleep dispelled by the exciting break in their routine, the older travellers sat about the fire and speculated on their nocturnal visitor's identity while Jack carefully set up the powerful radio.

"How about it, son?" exclaimed David Watson, glancing at Jack across the fire. "Do you think you can get it going?"

Looking up with flushed face, Jack twirled the tiny dials. "Listen, Dad! Here it comes."

For a breathless moment nothing came from the compact little machine but a jangle of static. Then, loud and clear, came the voice of an announcer. "Trappers in the Gulf District are warned to be on the lookout for a fugitive named Red Doran. Six feet tall, and wearing a thick black beard, this man is suspected of having robbed the fur post at Isle Aux Croches. He is heavily armed and will probably

elect to shoot if cornered. If seen advise nearest police post."

Switching off the radio with a twist of his wrist, Jack Watson turned to his father with a questioning look.

"It's very simple," said David Watson. "This machine is probably part of Red Doran's loot. And he lugged it around in order to keep in touch with his pursuers."

"He'll miss it now," ventured Mary Jane. Mr Watson shook his head. "He's pretty safe out there in the Barrens."

Still fighting shy of sleep, the adventurers piled the biggest logs they could find on the fire, crawled into their cosy bags, and discussed in low tones both Red Doran's visit and the police broadcast. "Where could the renegade be now? Had they seen the last of him?" they wondered.

Mary Jane made no secret of her fear. "Ugh!" she shivered. "I can still feel those terrible eyes of his boring me through."

"Haden't we better all turn in now and get some sleep?" suggested David Watson. "Robber or no robber, we'll still have to paddle all day tomorrow."

CHAPTER 4

Jack on His Hobby

THOUGH Jack, the first awake next morning, as usual, crawled out of his sleeping bag with the intention of investigating the robber's tracks, he found that Gros Louis, the bright gleam of the man hunter in his eyes, had been afoot long before him.

"He ces gone," declared the Indian grimly, "an' won't be back."

The day's journey was begun under tense excitement. Jack and his sister kept looking out over the tundra as if half expecting every minute to see Red Doran's bearded figure charging down on them.

That they should be so close to the dreaded Barrens, that interminable stretch of treeless wilderness that could swallow up a human without leaving a single trace, had jolted them. And they, or at least Jack, mentally vowed to explore it some day when the opportunity offered.

Jack was sure that so vicious a renegade as Doran wouldn't be at large for long; and that either the Government or the police must have posted a reward for his capture. "And what would you do with your share of it, sis," he demanded with a grin, "if there was one and you got it?"

"I'd buy myself two of the softest and thickest air-cushions in the world," declared Mary Jane, painfully shifting her position in the canoe, "for my knees."

For a while all three occupants of the rear canoe, each busy with his own thoughts, paddled in silence. The finding of the portable radio seemed almost supernatural. The human voice that had issued from the innocent-looking little box had caused the wilderness to shrink. It became evident as the day wore on, however, that the young Indian in the stern, for one, hadn't satisfied himself that the radio wasn't the instrument of the evil spirits. And he kept eyeing it narrowly as he paddled where it snuggled against Jack's heels in the bottom of the canoe.

Meanwhile, within a hand's reach of him, Jack Watson fairly bubbled over with fresh enthusiasm for his old hobby. And finally, unable to contain himself any longer, he started telling Mary Jane about some radio miracles he had read, describing them so vividly and with such enthusiasm his sister finally looked back over her shoulder in open admiration. "Gee, Jack, you do know a lot about radio, don't you?"

Dismissing this spontaneous tribute with a shy grin, Jack next enlarged on the various air-flights across the Arctic sea that were being planned by three or four different countries.

"But what has all that to do with radio?" asked Mary Jane.

"A lot," explained Jack. "Magnetic compasses, for instance, pointing to the North Magnetic Pole, vary slightly from year to year. And if a station were set up at the proper point in the Arctic verifications of these deviations could be radioed to the outside world, thus making long-distance flying in this direction twice as safe."

Just then a canoe, that had clearly been hiding close to the shore, darted out into the stream to intercept the canoe ahead of them.

Too astonished to make any comment, Jack and Mary Jane were trailing their paddles in the water and doing their best to guess the identity of the occupants of the canoe, three men with hard, weather-bitten faces, when Picard gave an audible grunt, dipped his paddle into the water, and drove the canoe forward with a vigorous sweep of his muscular arm.

"Eet ces ze police," he announced excitedly.

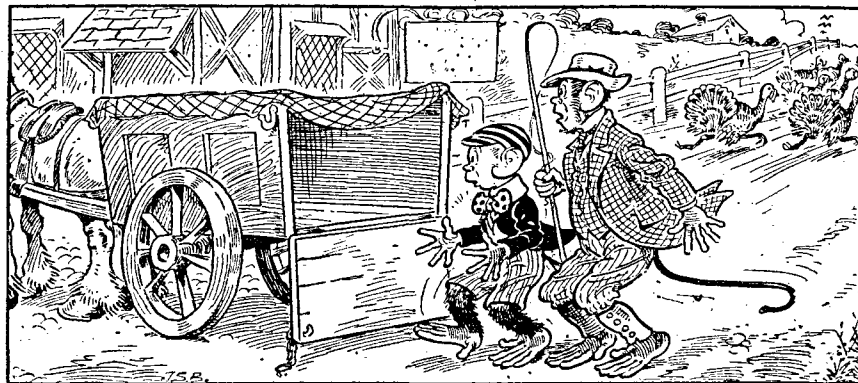
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO STUDIES THE TURKEYS

JACKO had been sent on a message to Farmer Tutt's farm, an errand to which he had no objections whatever.

He arrived as the farmer was starting for market. "Hop up!" shouted Mr Tutt. "You're just in time to come with me."

Off they drove in the big farm cart, at the back of which, covered with netting, was a number of live turkeys.



"Now you've done it!" roared the farmer

They were gobbling hard in a deafening chorus.

"There's a prize chap among that lot," remarked the farmer. "He's worth all the others put together."

Jacko couldn't see why!

Presently they pulled up outside an inn, and Mr Tutt jumped down. "You stay here," he said to Jacko. "I've some business inside for a minute."

It was a long minute, and Jacko got tired of waiting. "Coo!" he chuckled. "What price saying How do you do? to that prize gobbler?"

He climbed down, undid the flap at the back of the cart, and was soon busy

studying the turkeys. When Mr Tutt returned Jacko promptly slammed the flap back again in its place and scrambled to his seat.

After that they talked so hard that it was some time before they noticed how quiet things were at the back. The farmer decided to investigate.

"Sakes alive! They've all gone!" he exploded. Then he saw the flap at

the back hanging down, and knew only too well that his precious turkeys had hopped out.

Mr Tutt glared furiously at Jacko. "What have you been up to?" he bellowed.

Jacko went hot. "Only having a look at that prize chap," he stammered. "I—I must have forgotten to fasten the flap."

"Now you've done it!" roared the farmer. "Wait till your father hears what a meddlesome young—"

Jacko didn't wait to hear anything. He slithered off like lightning, and chased madly after the runaways.

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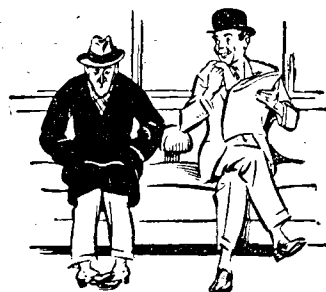
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Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

Each breath you take in this way will assist Nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stiffness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

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AMONG your New Year good turns may we of the CN ask for one? Will you please place an order with your newsagent to deliver the CN regularly? It will help him.

AS for ourselves, will you be good enough to introduce the CN to a friend, or, better still, will you order a copy to be sent to him each week, and so help on the things the CN stands for?

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To Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 7, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Probably Not

SMALL Son (appealingly): Please help me with this homework problem, Dad. Father: I would, but I don't think it would be right.

Ici on Parle Français



Un oiseau Le balcon La cage
bird balcony cage

Un oiseau s'est échappé de sa cage et a volé sur le balcon.

A bird has escaped from its cage and flown on to the balcony.

My Cupboard

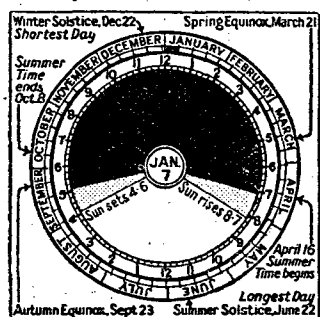
I HAVE a little cupboard, As dark as dark can be; You can't tell how I love it, For it just fits me.

There's a tiny, tiny keyhole Which hasn't got a key; I think the man who made it Must have heard of me!

When I am in my cupboard, As still as still can be, I see mostly everyone: But they can't see me! H. L. G.

The C N Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on January 7. The black section



of the circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

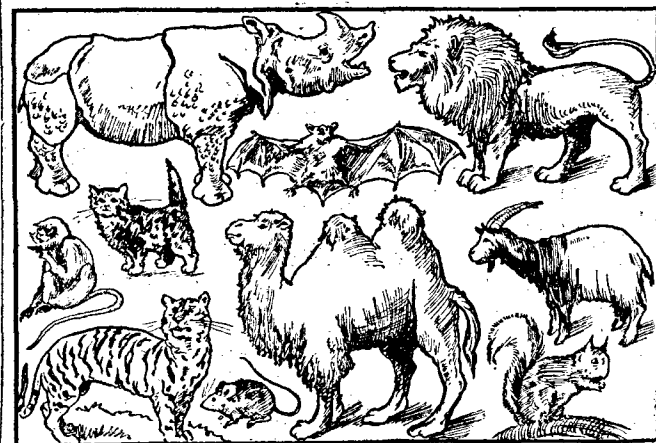
NEW YEAR PRIZES FOR C N READERS

WHY not begin this year well by winning a prize? There are offered two prizes of ten shillings each and 25 half-crowns for the best-written correct or nearest correct entries for this competition.

In the list that follows are ten familiar animals, but in each case the name of the animal has been omitted. All the animals concerned are

shown. Can you fill in the names in the correct places?

Agile as a ———
Bold as a ———
Impenetrable as a ———
Fierce as a ———
Merry as a ———
Enduring as a ———
Blind as a ———
Giddy as a ———
Quiet as a ———
Shy as a ———



Accompaniment

WHAT is it that is neither useful nor ornamental, and yet a train cannot go without it? Noise.

Enough

IF your first line ends with cow, Rhyme o w with plough; Should your second nicely go, Seek o long, as found in though; Thirdly, would you try this too, Double o is found in through; Fourth, a variance we are taught, Like a u is heard in thought. Speak you, fifthly, of a sorrow, Give the o obscure in borough; In the sixth place you may pick up Sound of u p in a hiccup; Turn your seventh couplet off, Assuming o f as in cough; Eighthly, sing you of a rock, Echo c k with a lough; Ninth and last, a final puff, Sound u f, and cry—enough!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-west, Saturn is in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Mercury are in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, January 8.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Jan. 8. Galileo died . . . 1642
9. Napoleon III died . . . 1873
10. Marshal Ney born . . . 1769
11. Sir Henry Sloane, naturalist, died . . . 1753
12. Maximilian I of Germany died . . . 1519
13. Edmund Spenser died . . . 1599
14. Napier of Magdala died 1890

Name the Trees

BELOW are clues to the names of six well-known trees: Smart; burnt remains; a tool; fret; part of the hand; a London district.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled European Cities. Geneva, Istanbul, Copenhagen, Prague.
Arithmetical Problem. The number of screws was 219,978. Multiplied by four this number becomes 879,912.

Is This Your County? Lancashire
The C N Cross Word Puzzle

I	O	D	I	N	E	A	R	R	E	S	T
M	P	F	E	W	L	I	D	T	O		
P	I	T	W	E	A	L	D	P	A	N	
N	E	S	S	I	E	D	I	T			
N	E	X	T	A	L	P	I	T	E	M	
I	T	E	A	R	E	A	C	H	E		
E	T	A	V	E	R	A	G	E	I	T	
C	H	I	M	E	A	E	D	U	C	E	
E	Y	E	R	A	P	I	D	P	E	R	

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Party time, so eagerly awaited by young and old, is at hand. Will you be able to let your children enjoy themselves this year without those last-minute disappointments which are so common?

Party time, enjoyable though it is, involves relaxation of many of the good health rules of the home—the result is too many cakes and rich food; late hours, over-excitement and fatigue. Small wonder that sooner or later even the healthiest child complains of stomach upsets and headaches—becomes out of sorts and bad-tempered.

The sure way to keep your children fit enough to enjoy the robust fun is to give them a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' each night during party time.

The wise mother knows that 'California Syrup of Figs' will assist Nature to adjust the interrupted routine, whereas drastic purgatives only add to the strain on the system.

Give 'California Syrup of Figs'—Nature's own laxative—and ensure your children being the life of the party.

When purchasing be very careful to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand Laxative, which Doctors and Nurses so confidently recommend. At all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6.

★ CORONATION PACKET ★

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues, KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN IS., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Air post, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-; Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. G. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

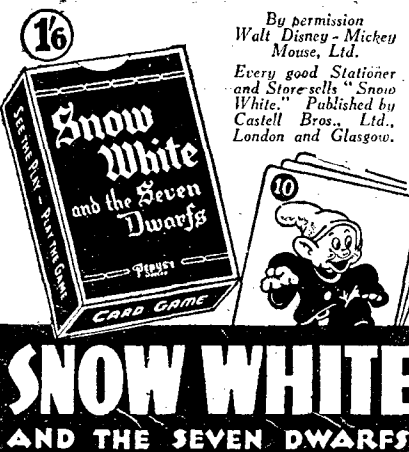
A Beautiful Fairy Tale Comes to Life!



A JOLLY NEW CARD GAME FOUNDED ON WALT DISNEY'S FAMOUS FILM

● All the wistful charm of those delightful characters in the great fairy-tale film is reproduced in FULL COLOURS from the Walt Disney originals in this wonderful new card game. It is a game of endless fascination, easy to play with cards that in themselves are a constant joy to handle. It can be played by two or more players; each pack contains cards and full book of rules.

Take home a pack today.



By permission
Walt Disney - Mickey
Mouse, Ltd.
Every good Stationer
and Store sells "Snow
White." Published by
Castell Bros., Ltd.,
London and Glasgow.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

"JOHN, Auntie Betty is coming to tea. Aren't you glad?" asked Mummy.

John didn't reply. Instead, he stumped noisily across the room and stared out of the window, scowling. Yes, it was still raining.

Just then the front door bell rang and Mummy ran downstairs to answer it. John heard a jolly voice say, "Hullo! my dear; and how is John?" and a moment later Auntie Betty came into the room.

John liked Auntie Betty. "Hullo, John!" she said. "What shall we do today?" "Don't know," answered

John, but not quite so grumpily.

"I do," said Auntie Betty. "Margaret, can I have an egg?"

"Yes," said Mummy, looking rather surprised.

"Now, John, fetch me a large sheet of newspaper, that box of oil paints that Uncle Teddy gave you, some glue, and a few sheets of notepaper. Oh, yes, and a few dead matches."

Then she drew a pencil line round the egg, and very carefully cracked it along the line, which ran from top to bottom of the egg. She put the yoke and white into a

basin and washed the two halves of the shell. She took a match and some glue, and, when she had cut a piece of the notepaper into the shape of a sail, she glued it to the match.

"Now, John," she said, "paint the outside of the eggshell." When he had done so she glued the sail into the little boat. "You make the other one," she said.

When John had carefully painted the boat and fixed in the sail Auntie said, "Now go and turn the bath on."

When John came back he found that Auntie had torn the newspaper in two, and had

ONE RAINY DAY

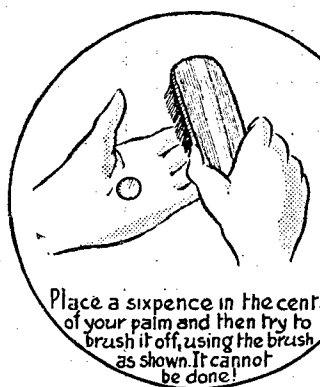
folded each half to look like a fan. Carefully they carried their boats to the bath and gently put them in.

"Now watch me," said Auntie. She fanned her boat very softly with the newspaper fan, and it began slowly to float across the bath.

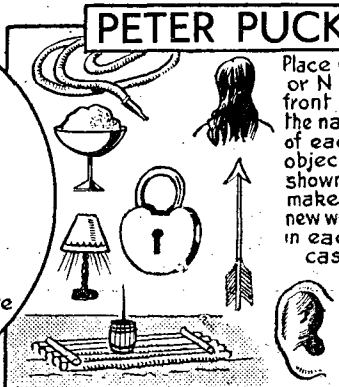
"Now you, John," she said. They had race after race, but it was difficult to say who won, because the boats had an annoying habit of turning back once they had gone half-way across the bath!

It was good fun, and as Aunt Betty said, "Next time we have a rainy day you can build a whole fleet."

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



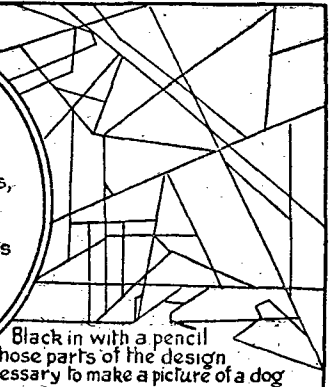
Place a sixpence in the centre of your palm and then try to brush it off, using the brush as shown. It cannot be done!



Place C or N in front of the name of each object shown to make a new word in each case

Make a cross with seven coins as shown. Now, by moving only two of the coins, can you make the arms of the cross add up to the same number?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK



Black in with a pencil those parts of the design necessary to make a picture of a dog